

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1916.

Summary of the News

It is generally conceded that no moral doubt exists as to the fact that the *Sussex* was torpedoed. Cabled accounts of affidavits of survivors appear to be conclusive on the point, and there is also evidence that a destroyer engaged on the work of rescue was attacked immediately after the *Sussex*. Whether the Administration will conceive the evidence to be strong enough to warrant action in the matter is not, as we write, apparent. Signs are not wanting that the German Government is preparing the familiar process of procrastination. The *Sussex* was torpedoed on March 24. At the beginning of the present week Ambassador Gerard informed the State Department that the German Government had promised him "a prompt reply to his inquiry regarding the destruction of the British steamer *Sussex* and other vessels on which Americans were endangered." Meanwhile dispatches from Washington indicate that it is the intention of the Administration to await the reply of the German Government. Among the American survivors who seem to have no doubts as to how the *Sussex* was destroyed is Prof. J. M. Baldwin, whose daughter was seriously injured. Professor Baldwin on April 2 sent a cable to President Wilson demanding on behalf of a woman "hovering between life and death" that "reparation for assault on American life and liberty be exacted."

It is pertinently pointed out by the English press that recent exhibitions of frightfulness by sea go far to bear out the British contention in the matter of arming merchantmen, that a merchant vessel's armament is her only protection from submarine attack. In numerous recent instances unarmed vessels have been torpedoed without warning, and the record of the past three weeks would seem to show conclusively that Germany has reverted to the policy, which she solemnly engaged to abandon, of attacking vessels of every class, armed or unarmed, without previous warning. According to dispatches from Washington on Tuesday this consideration is forcing itself on the attention of the State Department, which is said to be revising, in the light of Germany's broken faith, its contemplated memorandum on the whole question of submarine warfare and the arming of merchant ships. In the Reichstag the agitation over the submarine question has apparently been suppressed. A confidential report on the question was made to the main committee of the Reichstag by the Chancellor on March 29, and on March 31 that body, exclusive of the recently created Socialist minority, went on record with a resolution which, as given in the wireless dispatch, appeared to be meaningless and contradictory.

In the record of ships reported torpedoed since we wrote last week one instance stands out as particularly abominable: that of the Russian hospital ship *Portugal*, which was sunk in the Black Sea on March 30. The vessel, which was conspicuously painted with the insignia of the Red Cross, was lying with

engines stopped about to take on some wounded. A submarine was observed circling around her, but on account of her status no alarm was felt. Finally, from a distance of about 100 yards the submarine discharged two torpedoes. The ship broke in two and sank immediately. Her company numbered 272, of whom 87 were lost, among them a number of Red Cross sisters. The Russian Government has officially brought the matter to the attention of neutral Powers. The Turkish Government has officially denied responsibility for the attack. Eighteen other ships have been reported torpedoed: Nine British, six Norwegian, one Swedish, one Dutch, and one Danish.

The attitude of Holland, where a considerable concentration of troops on the frontiers has taken place, has been the subject of much speculation during the past week. It has been explicitly denied that this military activity is in any way due to the sinking of the *Tubantia*, responsibility for which Germany has persistently disclaimed. In Berlin the inclination is to attribute it to some decision threatening Holland's neutrality arrived at at the conference of the Allies in Paris last week. Another and perhaps a more probable theory advanced is that the concentration is made in view of the possibility of the Allies breaking the German lines in the West and the latter attempting to take a short cut through Holland in their retreat.

Three Zeppelin raids were made over parts of England and Scotland between March 31 and April 3. The first, on the night of March 31, took place over the east and northeast coasts of England. One of the Zeppelins was shot down and fell in the estuary of the Thames, its crew being captured. The other two raids occurred on Sunday night, when the coast of Scotland and the northern and southeastern counties of England were attacked. The German Government made the usual statement, published in Tuesday's papers, of places of military importance damaged, but apparently the injury done was not considerable except to human beings. In the three raids some 59 persons are stated to have been killed and 166 injured.

A new Order in Council, extending the British blockade, was issued on March 30, according to which "neither a vessel nor her cargo shall be immune from capture for a breach of blockade upon the sole ground that she at the moment is on her way to a non-blockaded port." On Monday the Governments of the Entente Allies, through Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, presented to the State Department a joint reply to the protest of the United States against the seizure, detention, and censoring of neutral mails. It is declared that no legitimate letter mail has been confiscated, nor any treaty rights violated, but the Allies' intention to continue searching parcel post packages for contraband "concealed under postal folders" is emphatically asserted.

The arrival from England last week, by permission of the British Government, of Capt. von der Goltz, to give evidence regarding German conspiracies in this country, was the pre-

lude to some interesting developments. The most sensational was the arrest on March 30 of Capt. Tauscher, agent for the Krupps in the United States, on a charge of having been one of the leaders in a plot in August, 1914, to blow up the Welland Canal. Capt. Tauscher's arrest has been followed by others, and more are expected. Another investigation concerns a lone "pirate" who on March 29, off Sandy Hook, emerging from concealment, terrorized the captain and crew of the British steamship *Matoppa* by a display of pistols and a threat of bombs, seized the ship, and was finally arrested nineteen hours later by a coast patrol launch on trying to escape to shore at Lewes, Del. According to his own confession he has been concerned in plots to blow up vessels of the Allies. His sanity, among other things, is to be the subject of investigation.

There has been a recrudescence of strikes among the munition and dock workers in Britain on the Clyde and the Mersey. The strikes, which were discountenanced by the official labor leaders, were apparently fomented by independent agitators, some of whom were arrested by the military authorities. Dispatches on Sunday stated that the trouble was ended.

Recent news would indicate that Gen. Pershing's punitive expedition is hot on the track of Villa. A flying detachment of cavalry under Col. George A. Dodd, after a forced march, came up with some part of Villa's command, consisting, according to Gen. Pershing's dispatch, of about 500 men, at Guerrero, on March 29, and inflicted a defeat on it. At least thirty of Villa's followers were killed, and two machine guns and a large number of horses, saddles, and arms were captured. The American troops sustained only four slight casualties. Villa, who is reported to have a broken leg, was apparently not present at the action, but his commander, Eliseo Hernandez, was killed. The pursuit has been continued, and Gen. Pershing on Tuesday reported a second skirmish near Bachinoba in which Carranzista forces cooperated with the United States troops. Use of the railway for transport of supplies has been agreed to by Carranza.

The most interesting event of many weeks in Presidential politics was the meeting on March 31, at the home of Robert Bacon, of Col. Roosevelt, ex-Senator Elihu Root, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Col. Roosevelt declared after the meeting, the first which he had had with Mr. Root for nearly five years, that the subject discussed was not politics but preparedness. Two days previously Col. Roosevelt had issued a statement, which has been regarded in the light of a campaign document addressed to a people in "heroic" mood, attacking the Mexican and foreign policies of the Administration.

A serious scandal over alleged graft in the placing of munition contracts has developed in Canada, Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, who is at present in England, having been the target for especial criticism. Sir Robert Borden has promised a "judicial inquiry" into the matter, but the Opposition demands a Parliamentary investigation. A serious governmental crisis may develop.

The Week

The solemn protest by the Russian Government against the wanton torpedoing of the hospital ship *Portugal* in the Black Sea serves as a reminder of the recent accumulation of outrages of the kind. When the French hospital ship *Admiral Ganteaune* was sunk in the Channel early in the war, the explanation was that a "mistake" had been made. No submarine would attack a ship carrying only wounded men and nurses. But the Russian official account of the destruction of the *Portugal* argues a fiendish deliberation. While the ship, which bore all the distinctive Red Cross marks, was stationary, a submarine appeared, circled around her, and fired two torpedoes from a distance of only about 100 yards. Nearly a hundred persons, including many doctors and women nurses, were sent to the bottom. The atrocity of the act stands confessed. Yet it is only on a par with the sinking of the *Sussex*, the constant torpedoing of even neutral ships, without warning, in the North Sea, and the repeated bombing expeditions of Zeppelins over England and Scotland. The past few weeks seem to have brought a revival of the cruelties and barbarities which, we were assured in advance, would have no place in this civilized and high-toned war.

At the same time, we have had given us a new disclosure of the German attitude in all this matter of brutal deeds in violation of the laws of war. The commander of the Zeppelin captured by the English at the mouth of the Thames strongly resented the charge that German aircraft set out to kill women and children. Some innocent people might have suffered, he admitted, but the Germans knew exactly what they were about. They attacked military places and munitions-factories, and knew that they had attained great success. Of this, the British public had not been allowed to have information, but in Germany, where there was, of course, regret for the injuries "incidentally" inflicted upon harmless people, there was a thorough understanding of the way in which these Zeppelin raids were frightening England and making her ready to ask for peace. This was the great justification of what had been done. It is possible that the men at the head of the German Government may prefer to make their name terrible, rather than be thought foolishly weak. But they must begin to see that it is frightfulness which is the foolish thing when it rises up to balk

them. And in one important respect it has been balking them from the first days of the war until now. We mean in their negotiations with the United States and with other neutral countries, and particularly in the matter of getting a hearing for their protests against alleged illegal acts committed by one or the other of the Allies.

"The hour has come," says Maximilian Harden, "for the Kaiser and the Chancellor to state their war aims." The need of such a statement, as Harden sees it, is to allay the apprehensions of the world as to Germany's future ambitions. This is what he says in the *Zukunft*, as quoted in a special cable dispatch to the *New York Sun*:

Our enemies are afraid that after the war Germany will continue to arm herself and prepare for other wars. This would mean an attempt at world rule and would bring all those who would sign peace with us in deadly danger. This will never be. Nobody will remember this war with pleasure. Let us end it and organize peace.

That this reflects Harden's mood at the present moment we are fully prepared to believe; no small part of his vogue is due to the frankness with which he gives vent to whatever may be in his mind at a given time. It was Harden who boldly brushed aside all the shabby pretexts set up for the invasion of Belgium. But he did not say that the invasion was wrong; he said it was right because it was necessary for Germany's success. In other words, he was as blatant a believer as any Junker of them all in the doctrine of might against right; only he plumed himself on a still greater absence of pretence of scruple. Eighteen months have wrought a change of mood; "Germany has learned," he says, "the mysterious ways of Providence." That a similar change has been taking place in the minds of millions of more typical Germans, we may be sure; but the question remains, in their case as well as in his, how long the change of mind may be counted on to last, and how powerfully it may be expected to influence Imperial policy. Asquith and Briand and the rest of the Allied chiefs will want assurance far more solid than this.

The nature of the fighting around Verdun is different from any the war has so far witnessed. We have had three forms. First, there was the old-style open battle and sharp advance of the weeks up to the end of the battle of the Marne. Second came the long period of deadlock. Just when most people—and critics—had decided that there could be no other style of operations than inter-

minable stalemate in the trenches, came the British assault at Neuve Chapelle in March, 1915, followed by the Austro-German blow in Galicia. It was shown that trenches could be crushed, either for a small gain followed by a stop, as at Neuve Chapelle, or by a long-continued forward movement, as in Russia. The operations around Verdun fall into neither one of these categories. The Germans have not been brought to a full stop, as the British were at Neuve Chapelle or the French in Champagne. Neither, obviously, is the case of Russia being reproduced. It is six weeks since the Teutons launched their attack against Verdun. In five weeks last May they had marched nearly one hundred miles from the Dunajec and recaptured Przemyśl, and were on the eve of reoccupying Lemberg. Further south, they had advanced sixty miles from the Carpathians and were winning the passages of the Dniester. Whereas around Verdun the record of six weeks shows an advance forward of perhaps an average of three miles on a front of not much more than twenty-five miles.

Around Verdun, it will be noticed, the only appreciable German gains recently made have been west of the Meuse, where the German attack bided for nearly two weeks, while east of the river the first assault was being delivered. A zone like that conquered east of the river in a rush has been occupied west of the river by a series of short forward movements. Once the line on both sides of the river had been made continuous, the attacks have alternated on both banks, with the rate of advance inconsiderable when measured by standards in the Russian campaign, but important when compared with the old sapping and deadlock in the west. The capture of a village at a time, like Malancourt or Vaux, shows that the energy of the German attack has not spent itself, though the rate of advance is not such as to threaten Verdun in the immediate future. Vaux was the scene of fighting during the first week of the attack. What we are witnessing, therefore, to-day is a new form of tactics. Disappointed of a sharp advance, the Germans have not gone back into siege warfare, but are applying the method of continued battering. It is the principle of waste which obtained along the whole front for nearly a year and a half, now concentrated upon a small portion of the line. It is a prolonged test of nerves carried on in the open. It is a question to-day of outstaying one another in sustained collision. Formerly it was a question which side could

pour in the most terrific deluge of shells in the course of a single day or a couple of days. Now the problem is one of continuous artillery fire for months.

The published list of nominations to office made by the President during the existing session of Congress, up to March 23, is a document in which advocates of the merit system may take genuine satisfaction. The showing as to Consular appointments is especially pleasing. A year ago Congress provided that Consuls-General and Consuls should be appointed to grades, and not to specific posts, so that they might be shifted from one station to another without Senatorial action. Of twenty-five such appointments made, all but two or three are in the nature of advancements from a lower grade to a higher. Appointments to all except the lowest class of secretaries to legations and embassies, again, represent promotions of experienced men. No data are furnished as to the qualifications of the men appointed as postmasters by the President, but in the hundred pages devoted to such nominations there is notable an absence of removals before the expiration of terms of office, while many incumbents whose commissions have expired, or whose offices have just been raised to Presidential grade, are confirmed in their places. All this helps to bear out the recent statement of the secretary of the National Municipal League, Clinton Rogers Woodruff, as to the "marked diminution of political activity" in connection with all these positions.

The addition of five National Guard officers to the Army General Staff, voted by the Senate on Monday, will send a cold chill through the officers who have been asking themselves for weeks past whether the National Guard was not about to swallow the regular army. Indubitably, there is being built up in the National Guard a powerful military-political machine. Senator Chamberlain was very frank about it in the debate on Monday. He very much "feared" that there was a militia lobby at work—every one knows that there has been a powerful one lobbying for the Militia Pay bill for years. He even went so far—woe to the pacifist who would dare to do the same—as to criticise the National Guard, saying that there were rumors of Federal equipment issued to it being sold to foreign governments. He is again "very much afraid" that if militia officers have abused their trust in less important positions, they will do so when on the General Staff. None the less, to us

the weight of the argument is on the other side. If the National Guard is to be in such close relations hereafter with the regular army, it can do no harm for the General Staff to have a representation of militia on it, for the Staff will be broadened thereby and will be able to appreciate the point of view of the militia all the better. The regulars have frequently failed to do this. More than that, the General Staff suffers from inbreeding. There is a tendency in it to become a specially favored clique, and anything which may offset this will be to the benefit of the service as a whole.

Senator Chamberlain did not limit his charge of interference with pending legislation to the National Guard. He declared that regular army officers as well were going about the halls of Congress "impeding and interfering with legislation" in the selfish interest of one branch or the other of the service. This recalls Gen. Wotherspoon's parting exhortation to the army on his retirement from active service—to keep away from Congress and cease trying to influence legislation. Senator Chamberlain stated that the present lobbying was likely to undo the whole laborious three months' work of the Committee in preparing its legislation, and that he might yet have to call the War Department's attention to what is going on. This may not be necessary; Secretary Baker may find Mr. Chamberlain's remarks sufficient reason for acting, precisely as he may find time before long to check the propagandist activities of officers like Gen. Wood, who seem to be devoting rather more time to miscellaneous speaking than to their own military duties, while some are talking in flagrant violation of the order of Secretary Garrison calling upon officers to desist from this very thing. The whole presents an interesting and extremely difficult administrative problem for a democracy to solve.

Backers of the Burnett Immigration bill naturally hail its passage in the House last Thursday by a vote of 308 to 87 as presaging its triumphant enactment over a veto. The majority is unprecedented, and the Senate is thought even more favorable than the House. But the history of the measure must teach its supporters caution. It passed under Taft by an easy majority, and the Senate repassed it over his veto. Yet in the House a negative vote of 70 grew to 114, and the affirmative vote on repassage declined to 213, or five less than the necessary two-thirds. So last year the bill was agreed to in the House with but 94 dissenting votes,

yet when a final ballot was taken on the question of repassage over Wilson's veto, there were 136 nays to 261 ayes. It is evident that the House has always been strongly affected by the arguments brought forward in the customary hearings before the President and in the Presidential message of disapproval. That there are wavering supporters in this session has been made clear by some of the speeches in the House, even Representative Mann confessing to a very mixed view of the measure.

One flaw in the Jones bill granting citizenship and a larger share in their own Government to Porto Ricans has just been pointed out by the insular Legislature. It objects to the provision imposing absolute prohibition a year after passage—prohibition so absolute that liquor cannot be manufactured or imported for personal use. The reports of Gov. Yager's speech at Mohonk last year and of his messages have not suggested that intemperance in Porto Rico is such a crying evil as to demand drastic measures. Certainly, such a disregard of the principle of local option as the limitation of personal liberty by the action of an alien Congress a thousand miles away is drastic. It may be that the colonies of Americans settled in the island wish an anti-saloon law; but the sentiment expressed in the protesting resolution of the House of Delegates ought to be heeded. Our relations with Porto Rico could well be more cordial, and the main provisions of the Jones bill are wise and urgent; to force prohibition upon a people who have never known what such a thing meant might undo all their good.

It is obvious that more than the personal or even political relations of Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt is involved in their meeting after years of separation. Their being together again is suggestive. It almost recalls the famous three Rs of Mr. Harri-man, who complained that Root, Roosevelt, and Ryan seemed to be getting everything. Perhaps the Ryan star—or "something equally as good" in Wall Street—will soon be added to the conjunction of the Root and Roosevelt planets! There was much buzzing to that effect after the Gary dinner to Mr. Roosevelt. And then there is Hearst, whom Roosevelt once accused of being responsible for the assassination of President McKinley, now ready to throw his vast political influence to the Colonel. Plainly, the process of unification is going on apace, strange bedfellows though it makes. If we cannot exactly say of the Root-Roosevelt *entente* that,

in the language of the Psalmist, "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other," it is at least clear that Social Justice is seeking to repose in the arms of Mammon.

The full information obtained from Lieut. Stenhouse, of the Aurora, upon his arrival at Dunedin, New Zealand, is reassuring upon but one of the two points which have given anxiety in regard to the Shackleton expedition. The party which the Aurora left ashore when it was torn from its moorings last May in Ross Sea, off Cape Evans, should be safe enough. The food and other supplies left at Cape Evans and at the adjoining headland, Cape Royds, would be quite sufficient to sustain the shore party until relief can reach them next year. But Lieut. Stenhouse is not confident that this shore party, which was to go south towards the Pole to meet Capt. Shackleton at Cape Beardmore, will be able under the circumstances to reach that point. Cape Beardmore is well within the "farthest south" which Scott reached in 1902, and one-fourth of the distance from Cape Royds to the Pole. If Shackleton arrived there in need of fresh supplies, after the hardships certain to be encountered in the passage across the unexplored stretch from Prince Luitpold Land, the lack might be fatal. The boldness of Lieut. Shackleton's attempt lies in the fact that, while the two expeditions which have thus far reached the Pole made it by a quick dash from the well-explored coast fronting on Australasia, returning directly, he is attempting a journey entirely across the polar continent from the almost totally unknown coast fronting on South America. If he succeeds, he will have more than doubled our knowledge of the polar waste, but success must be imperilled by the failure to meet him upon his emergence.

That makers of automobiles should set themselves earnestly to the task of reducing the price of gasoline is natural. The demand for their machines is certain to fall in proportion as the cost of operating them rises. If the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce is actually willing to put from five to ten million dollars into a company for the large-scale manufacture of motor fuels, as it announces it will, it should be able to help keep the price within the reach of consumers. What the industry needs now is earnest effort and money thrown into the work of developing new processes of refining gasoline from oil. The Standard Oil Company owns one new "cracking" method of

obtaining gasoline; Dr. Rittman, for the Interior Department, a year ago perfected another, now at public disposal; and private manufacturers and Government chemists are bound to carry investigation and experiment further. The best talent will be sought for the purpose, as the announcement that Dr. Rittman has just been brought into the employ of a corporation signifies; and when improved methods are hit upon, economic principles will dictate the erection of large rather than small plants to use them. The automobile-makers' corporation should also be able to give special attention to the making of motor machinery suited to new fuels.

The charges made at Ottawa against Col. J. W. Allison and indirectly against Gen. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence, are a trump card played by the Liberals in their effort to obtain an investigation into the Dominion's munitions contracts. For more than a week they have fought for such an investigation on the ground that public money has been wasted, the soldiers kept suffering for equipment through inefficient management, and Conservative supporters favored in the letting of contracts. The Borden Government has previously shown its willingness to punish corruption by its sacrifice of Conservative Members of the Commons against whom charges were proved last year. But it has resisted the call for an investigation into the department controlled by Gen. Hughes as designed to serve party rather than national ends. Circumstantial allegations have now been made by one of Laurier's lieutenants that Col. Allison, Hughes's assistant and close friend, had arranged to pocket a part of the profits made by American companies on large fuse contracts let last June. It will no longer be possible for the Government to avoid a full inquiry into the whole matter.

Comme un fauve assoupli sous la main du dompteur
Le microbe féroce obéit à Pasteur!

Thus, according to the *Mercure de France*, runs a couplet of the poem to which the Academy has given its grand prize for 1915—an ode to Pasteur, by Charles Richet. From Lucretius to Tennyson, poetizing on highly scientific subjects has been dangerous. But M. Richet seizes his theme boldly. No longer does the "ferocious microbe" carry danger and ruin; if it does harm, it is harm quickly nullified by "happy poisons" which the scientist uses counteractingly. The writer breaks into a pæan as he pursues the description of how Pasteur has ren-

dered the microbe docile, and forced it tamely to grow gray—"vieillir en domesticité." The once strong and malevolent bacillus is now responsible but for the passing fever which its use in an anti-toxin induces. It fills the blood with the medicinal forces which bar the path of any fresh invader, and thus it is that

Nous avons le secret de toutes les vaccines:
Tout microbe affaibli devient un défenseur.
The poem must have redeeming qualities to have received the award of the Academy, even in a year when the war has cut down competition.

The final result of the *Nation's* poll of its subscribers is as follows:

Borah	8
Bryan	9
Burton	32
Clark	4
Cummins	18
Fairbanks	6
Hughes	980
Johnson	5
La Follette	16
McCall	11
Penrose	1
Roosevelt	376
Root	355
Sherman	8
Taft	60
Underwood	5
Weeks	9
Wilson	1,557
Benson	6
Herrick	3
Lodge	3
Debs	1
Maurer	1
Nagel	1
Brumbaugh	1
Lindsey	1
James, E. J.	1
Post, L. F.	1
Smith, W. A.	1
Beveridge	1
Estabrook	1
Undecided	6

Total votes 3,541

I voted for in 1912—

Wilson	1,646
Taft	661
Roosevelt	401
Debs	1
Chafin	4
Unrecorded	833

Total votes 3,546

I usually vote—

Republican	1,475
Democratic	707
Prohibitionist	18
Progressive	63
Socialist	15
Independent	471
Unrecorded	797

Total votes 3,546

An analysis and discussion of the returns are contained in the following editorial article.

THE NATION'S POLL.

In response to the inquiry sent out by the *Nation* some weeks ago concerning Presidential preferences, 3,546 have sent replies. Of these, 3,482 have stated their choice for the coming election, the remaining 64 being undecided. Of the 3,482 votes, Wilson has 1,557, Hughes 980, Roosevelt 376, Root 355, Taft 60; while the remaining 154 votes are divided among a large number of other names, no one of which gets more than 32. Of this scattering vote, however, it is to be noted that nearly the whole goes to Republican candidates; the Democrats (Bryan 9, Underwood 5) get only 14, the Socialists only 7 of them, leaving 133 to the Republicans. Accordingly, the returns as to preferences for 1916 may be stated, in the first place, as follows:

Wilson	1,557
Hughes	980
Roosevelt	376
Root	355
Taft	60
Scattering	154

Total 3,482

And secondly, throwing the 14 Bryan and Underwood votes to Wilson, lumping the Republican votes other than those for Roosevelt, and leaving out the Socialist votes, we have this table:

Wilson	1,571
Republican	1,528
Roosevelt	376

Total 3,475

Of these two tables, only the first is of interest as regards nomination preferences. Its striking feature is the overwhelming preponderance of the Hughes vote. This is considerably greater than the combined vote of all the other Republicans, including Roosevelt; it is not far short of double the combined vote of all of them exclusive of Roosevelt; and it is nearly three times as great as that of his nearest straight-Republican competitor. Moreover, this showing has exceptional interest because it confirms not only general impressions as to the state of mind of the country, but the results of some rather remarkable polls taken among bodies of citizens quite different from those that form the *Nation's* constituency.

Such significance as the second table has relates not to the nomination but to the election. That a poll of *Nation* readers, taken in itself, can throw much light on the prospects of the tug-of-war next November, we should be the last to assert. The persons polled are both too few in number and of too special a kind. But, for what it may

be worth, we note that this table gives the following percentages:

Wilson 45, Republican 44, Roosevelt 11.

In 1912, the popular vote of the country for the three leading candidates was divided according to the following percentages:

Wilson 45, Taft 25, Roosevelt 30.

Of far greater significance are the results obtained from a comparison of the preferences of *Nation* readers in 1916 with their votes in 1912. Out of the 3,546 replies, 833 contain no statement of how the writer voted in 1912; with few exceptions, these doubtless actually did not vote, some being women, others not of voting age or residents of the District of Columbia, while still others simply refrained from voting. Excluding these 833, and also 5 who voted for Debs or Chafin, we have 2,708 who voted for one of the three principal candidates in 1912. Their vote in 1912 was as follows:

Wilson	1,644
Taft	661
Roosevelt	403
Total	2,708

An examination of the separate returns shows that the preferences to-day of these same 2,708 voters are as follows:

Wilson	1,193
Hughes	723
Roosevelt	302
Root	285
Taft	52
Scattering and undecided.....	153
Total	2,708

Estimating Wilson's and Roosevelt's share of the undecided vote, and lumping the Republican vote (as before), we get the following comparative showing:

	1912.	1916.
Wilson	1,644	1,232
Republican	661	1,166
Roosevelt	403	310
Total	2,708	2,708

Thus in the Wilson vote there is a falling off of 25 per cent., and in the Roosevelt vote of 23 per cent.; while the number of those intending to vote for some Republican candidate (other than Roosevelt) is 76 per cent. greater than the number of those who cast their votes for Taft in 1912.

Specific changes interesting to note may be stated as follows: Of the 1,644 persons who voted for Wilson in 1912, only 1,056 state that he is their preference to-day, while Hughes is the choice of 313, Roosevelt of 83, and Root of 106. By way of compensation for these losses, Wilson has gained 63 of the 661 Taft voters, and 74 of the 403 Roosevelt voters, of 1912. It is par-

ticularly interesting to note that the 302 Rooseveltians of 1916 are by no means to be regarded as stalwart survivors of the 403 who voted for the champion of social justice in 1912. Of these 403, less than half have remained faithful, the exact number being 181; but Roosevelt has won 83 of the 1,644 Wilson men and 33 of the 661 Taft men. And nearly all of the deserters from the Roosevelt banner have gone over either to Hughes or to Wilson; of the 222, Hughes gets 109 and Wilson 74.

The drift of political attachment shown by the foregoing figures makes, on its face, a showing highly unfavorable to Wilson's prospects, supposing the Republican party to be reunited in the coming campaign. And if the returns were a complete set of replies to the 6,200 inquiries sent out, they would be in a very high degree indicative of those prospects; for, although the number is not great and the class is somewhat special, a drift so pronounced, if shown by the whole of such a constituency as that of the *Nation's* subscribers, is extremely likely to be in a marked degree present in the sentiment of the country at large. But here comes in the element which makes it so extremely hazardous to draw conclusions from "straw votes," however extensive. The persons who do not answer cannot safely be regarded as divided, even approximately, in the ratio of those who do. Answers have come from 3,482 persons; about 2,700 have failed to reply. It is highly probable that this failure is, in a large proportion of the cases, not accidental; that it is due not to negligence but to the fact that the person in question has not made up his mind how he will vote. In the very extraordinary situation of affairs in which the country now finds itself, there must be an unusually large number of persons who are awaiting developments, and who will not make up their minds how they are going to vote until well along in the campaign. Moreover, it is highly probable that persons of this temper of mind will in large measure be affected alike by the course of events. Of the 2,700 subscribers who have not replied, it is not at all unlikely that 2,000 will vote for one and the same candidate—namely, that candidate, whoever he may be, who appeals most distinctly to the deepest instincts of American citizenship. And if that man should be Wilson—as under many conceivable circumstances it may easily be—the addition accruing from this source to his vote in the *Nation's* poll would knock the adverse conclusion indicated on its face into a cocked hat.

HUGHES NOT A POLITICAL JUDGE.

President Butler, of Columbia, who has returned from a politico-academic scouting trip in the West, reports a feeling there of the "greatest respect" for Judge Hughes. But he adds:

Some important leaders of opinion feel, however, that Justice Hughes's own instinct as to the importance of his work on the bench of the Supreme Court, and the imperative necessity of keeping that court free from any suspicion of political interest or expectation, is sound, and that it might be very embarrassing to Justice Hughes himself, and to the largest public interest, to attempt to force the nomination upon him against his better judgment and against his wish.

With the general principle that a judge ought not to seek political advancement, and that it would greatly injure the bench to have it suspected of a "political interest," everybody would agree. But in the case of Judge Hughes there is one simple and clear distinction that makes it stand apart. He is not thought of as a Presidential candidate on the ground of anything he has said or done as a member of the Supreme Court. There is not the flicker of a suspicion in anybody's mind that he has used his judicial office as a stepping-stone to political office. No decision of his, no opinion, no *obiter*, can be alleged by even the most prejudiced of his critics to have been due to any lurking ambition of his. The plain truth is that in talking of Hughes for the Presidency people think of him as he displayed himself to the country before going on the bench. They even speak of him as "Governor" instead of "Judge." His five years in the Supreme Court they regard as merely an episode that has nothing to do with the question of his fitness for the Presidency—except as he has, as a judge, shown industry, conscientiousness, and mental grasp and power. Nowhere is there a thought of "promoting" him for his course on the bench. It is not Hughes the judge who is discussed as a candidate, but Hughes the fearless investigator, Hughes the Governor who put moral courage into his reforms and gave a fighting edge to his constructive plans, Hughes the campaign speaker of 1908 who deeply impressed himself on the country as a man who carried heavy guns.

We submit that this statement of the undoubted facts, in the question of the possible nomination of Hughes for the Presidency, really draws the teeth of the charge that the courts would suffer if he were named. What the people dislike and dread is a political judge. That is the "sound instinct" of which President Butler speaks. We do not want

a man on the bench who is even suspected of doing his judicial work with an eye to the political reward it may bring him—or even to the political notoriety he may procure by it. We have not been without experience of such political judges. They have plagued us in the past, and some survive to make trouble. William J. Gaynor was distinctly such a judge. He was forever making of his court a political forum. His harangues on the bench had continuously the effect of making him mentioned for political office. Whether he intended this or not, the result was unquestioned. In a less degree, much the same may be said of a living judge, Justice Seabury. He has been and still is talked of for various offices, purely on the ground of positions which he has taken, or remarks that he has made, as a judge. This is the mischievous thing. This is the lowering of the judicial dignity which the public really fears. But nothing of this has been or could be asserted of Hughes. In all things he has borne himself "as becometh a judge." In no opinion or interrogatory of his has he ever ranted or said a word or made a gesture calculated to stir up popular feeling.

In making up our minds about this whole matter it is merely necessary to keep steadily before us the thing we want to prevent. We desire to keep the courts clear of politics. We do not wish the bench to be made a place for nursing political ambitions. Above all, we would not have it ever thought that a judge may be swayed in his judicial duties by the hope of being taken up by his party for high office. Now, so far as all this concerns a possible Presidential candidacy of Judge Hughes, the entire question comes down to a sheer issue of fact. Would any sensible man say that the special functions of the courts had been in any way weakened by it? Could it be said that, hereafter, political aspirants would think of the Supreme Court as a ladder by which to rise? The answer to such questions must so clearly be "no," that we see at once how little application to Hughes there can be of the general principle of keeping the judiciary aloof from political contests. If Mr. Hughes were nominated at Chicago and at once resigned from the Supreme Court, there would be no real or lasting feeling that he had impaired either his own reputation or the sanctity of the courts. It would not be a case of a political judge gaining the end of his manoeuvres on the bench, but of a man called to public service wholly irrespective of his course as judge.

MISREPRESENTING MEXICO.

There is a perceptibly growing hopefulness about our relations with Mexico. This is partly due to the fact that our punitive expedition into that country, with the consent of its *de facto* Government, has so far been attended by good fortune. The account of the brilliant little action by Col. Dodd's forces will silence many a croaker, while arguing well for complete success in the end. But we think that the change of public feeling is owing still more to the exposure, during the past three weeks, of many lying reports and the discrediting of a long series of dismal prophecies. The pessimists had their own way at first. They held the floor and filled the press. But they soon lost the confidence of their audience; and little by little men with more hopeful views have been getting a hearing.

A steady diet of lies is certain to provoke a craving for other kinds of food. And when dire predictions, day after day, fail of fulfilment, people upon whom they have been thrust are bound to pluck up their spirits a bit. A Chicago newspaper did a neat piece of good journalism the other day by tabulating some of the wild rumors about Mexico and the alarmist forecasts that had got into the dispatches since the time of Villa's raid on Columbus and the decision of our Government to hunt him down. It was a melancholy catalogue of things that were not so. The falsification of March 11 would be contradicted by March 13, but March 13 would have its own lie to live for a couple of days, and so on. Carranza had done or would do a whole lot of things which the event has shown to have been purely imaginary. Our Government or our soldiers were speedily to encounter conditions which would make a declaration of war with Mexico inevitable. But with nothing of all this having yet come to pass, and with story after story coming from the border shown to be either exaggerations or pure inventions, it was inevitable that a more cheerful feeling about Mexico should set in.

This may or may not be justified by the result. But one thing which will surely not be justified by the result is the habit of too many Americans of forming convictions about the Mexican people which could not be so cocksure and sweeping if they were not based on guesswork or sheer ignorance. In this, we have had shining examples to mislead us. President Wilson knew little of Mexico to start with, and appears often to have been misinformed. He certainly

dealt at first with the Mexican problem in too doctrinaire a fashion. The official communication which he addressed to the Huerta Government, by the hands of John Lind, could not have been written by any one having a good knowledge of the Mexican character—that is, if he expected the move to be successful. But Mr. Wilson was never in the running with the rough-and-ready Colonel, when it comes to dogmatic utterances about Mexico and the Mexicans.

Now, we Americans may as well get it into our heads that there are no neat little formulas about Mexico, which cover the whole case; no nice packets of docketed opinions, to be taken out of their pigeon-holes and applied with an infallible air to the Mexican problem. That affair is most complex. It varies with place and time. The men who know most about it are those least confident of the right solution. We may recall Lord Cromer, who said that after being a year or two in Egypt he thought he knew all about the country and its inhabitants, but that after he had lived there thirty years he began to perceive that he knew very little. So with Mexico, the hurried journalist, the tourist, the visiting engineer, will be ready to sum up the whole question for you in a few trenchant or epigrammatic phrases; but Americans who have passed the better part of their lives in Mexico—men like Wallace and Butler—will be exceedingly cautious in giving their views of either the trouble or the remedy. It ought to be elementary in the whole business not to delude ourselves or muddle our national policy by setting up a fantastic Mexico of the imagination. What the country and its people really are, we should make it our business to find out as accurately as possible. We may have to fight Mexico, but do not let us begin by maligning her.

ANGELL AND HIS FELLOWS.

During the two decades following the close of the Civil War, there went on in the American college and university world a development of the most far-reaching character. Its beginnings can be traced considerably farther back than 1865, and its course was not completed in 1885. But broadly speaking, our colleges emerged from what may be called the colonial type, and our universities became institutions of the character to which that name is applied in Europe, during those twenty years. To the bringing about of this development there went many elements. There was the steady relaxing of sectarian bonds; there was the liberaliz-

ing of the college curriculum, not only through the permission of choice in studies, but also through the actual provision of opportunities which made such choice fruitful, especially in the natural sciences and in economics and political science; there was the creation of fully developed university faculties—where formerly there had been only college faculties—in what we are in the habit of regarding as “non-professional” studies; and there was the raising of standards in the schools of medicine and of law.

Under our American system, the guidance of such a movement—often the impetus to it—almost always the determination of its character and success—is mainly in the hands of the presidents of the colleges and universities; and during that highly significant period of development to which we have referred four names stood out so distinctly above those of all other university presidents as to form an unmistakable group of leaders. Their dates of birth were comprised in a space of five years, 1829 to 1834, and all four lived to a ripe old age. The death of President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, in 1908, at the age of seventy-seven, made the first break in the group; and on Sunday came the news of the death of President Angell, of Michigan, at the age of eighty-seven. President White, of Cornell, in his eighty-fourth year, and President Eliot, of Harvard, in his eighty-fifth, are still with us, both of them still active, and the latter exhibiting astonishing energy and fecundity in the middle of his ninth decade. There is something most inspiring in the contemplation of the activities of these men—activities so strenuous, so fruitful, and so varied—resulting not in premature disability, but in a vigorous and happy old age.

Between the influence of these men upon the educational life of our country and that exercised by the notable college presidents of an earlier generation there is an obvious contrast. Of that earlier type perhaps the most signal example was Mark Hopkins, president of Williams. Between the results achieved by a man like Hopkins and a man like Eliot or Gilman or White or Angell there is no common measure. It would be rash to place either kind above the other; it is not a question of more or less, it is a question of kind. Yet along with this contrast there is a great resemblance; and indeed it is perhaps the resemblance rather than the difference which is most vital. Mark Hopkins was above all a teacher, and the impress he left upon the men at Wil-

liams was that which came directly from his own intellect, character, and spirit; the work of the four men of whom we have been speaking related in the main to organization, development, and method. Yet in their case, as in his, the source of strength and of influence was to be found primarily in personality. Their success was due not to the discovery of any particular new way, or to any peculiar technical or professional mastery, but to insight, enthusiasm, sympathy; to the ability to make an impression upon men, to understand them and deal with them, to secure their loyal coöperation. These qualities were, to be sure, found in very different proportions in the four; personally, the Eliot type and the Angell type are about as different as possible. But each did his work by virtue of what there was in him and not as the mere exponent of the policy he represented.

The specific part of the history of higher education in America with which Dr. Angell's name will always be associated is that of the development of the State universities. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, California, have loomed so big in the past few decades that the younger generation probably needs to be reminded of the unique position which was long occupied by the University of Michigan. Before 1860, it never occurred to any one in the East—nor, indeed, probably in the West—to think of any of the State universities as in the same class with the leading institutions of the Atlantic seaboard; and it was not until about twenty years later that such recognition was won by any of them except that of Michigan. But at Ann Arbor, thanks partly to the liberality of the Legislature, partly to the wise action of the State in making the Regents a constitutional body, free from the Legislature's interference, and largely to the enlightened and far-sighted exertions of President Tappan, there had been laid the foundations of future greatness; and in many ways its work had come to be not only coördinate with, but a stimulus and an example to, the Eastern colleges. It was of a worthy, as well as an aspiring, establishment, that President Angell took charge in 1871; his part was to preside over not its beginnings as an important institution, but its development into one of large dimensions and far-reaching influence. To have fulfilled this function for thirty-eight years with such signal success that it was with reluctance that he was allowed to retire from active service at the age of eighty, is to have deserved well not only of Michigan and the West, but of all his countrymen.

Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE IN MOROCCO—A FIRST WAR SETTLEMENT.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, March 18.

Italy has renounced her treaty privilege of the capitulations in French Morocco. This is a beginning of the final liquidation of this unsettling war. It is a step forward in the international recognition of France's full protectorate and an encouragement to the legitimate extension of French activity in North Africa.

The capitulations were a servitude which France was obliged to accept with the protectorate before the war. They gave the right to different nations, to Italy, for example, to have their own consuls judge complaints made against their citizens residing in Morocco. The prestige and the unity of French rule suffered from such exceptions. Italy's renunciation is one of several measures taken by Italy, since the recent visit of Prime Minister Briand to Rome, in favor of France.

Some attention and much undue commiseration were excited by Germany when the march of "manifest destiny" brought the nations, including the United States, to recognize in practice France's possession of Morocco. To France it was a question of life and death. She could never allow any other Power to make for her another frontier of war on the side of Algiers, which is more a part of France than a colony.

Meanwhile, a *modus vivendi* has been found with Spain, who has received quite as much of Morocco as she is likely to handle for aliquot parts of a century. What is likely to become another step in this liquidation—the close, if not universal alliance of England with France—will settle the international position of Tangier; and this might serve as an example for Constantinople.

In any case, the civilizing work of France in Morocco is left free and open to her. Even amid the anxieties of war, she is pursuing her task—and Moroccans in return are helping her to fight. The work she is doing is worth knowing by Americans, the more so as Moroccan wheat and meat and metals form a new competition in the international markets. It is also an encouragement to us, with Mexico and the Philippines on our hands, to know that some other wild part of earth is growing tame and peaceful and prosperous.

Last September, the French Government bestowed its highest acknowledgment of the nation's gratitude on Gen. Lyautey, with words which express the situation:

"Named resident Commissary-General of the French republic in Morocco, in the month of April, 1912, in the difficult period which followed the troubles of Fez, he has given proofs since that time of the finest military qualities, and has always known how to associate energetic command with remarkable gifts of organization and administration. From the declaration of war, he has discerned with perspicacity the means of best aiding the mother country. He has pushed abnegation so far that he has not asked to take the command of the forces which he embarked for France, and has remained at his post, giving to all those whom duty retains in the colo-

nies the best example of patriotism. He has continued his work with such devotedness and ability that, in spite of the war, our Moroccan colony has never known greater quiet and prosperity."

These are not vain words. Left with few troops and with a hinterland full of unrest, Gen. Lyautey has guarded the main population whom he had already won over by a rule of strict justice and free and fair opportunity. The result would be amazing if we did not know that the peasants of Morocco, even after decades of misrule, remain excellent farmers in love with Mother Earth and ready for all progress. To this should be added the absolute respect and non-interference with religion and family law which the French have learned in their long and, at the last, successful experience in Algiers and Tunis.

Ubi bene, ibi Patria—and the children of Mohammed have been well off under the French. Less even than in Egypt have they been troubled by the frantic appeals of their Turkish brethren to come over to Macedonia and help them. Yet Morocco is the veriest hot-house of those religious orders which have stirred the Mohammedan revival of these late years throughout Africa. Only misguided religions show trust and sympathy in princes who are despots and may blow cold after their heat is stayed.

Before war broke out, the notorious Carl Ficke, who had the service of the emissaries of the brothers Mannesmann to keep South Morocco agitated, sent a letter from Germany to Grundler, who was giver of advice on Morocco to the Emperor: "If there is war, it will be necessary to act so that not a Frenchman gets out of the Chaouia living."

It was the Germans whom the French allowed to get out living, but their correspondence was seized and remains to edify the nations.

A full year after war began, when Gen. Lyautey, with delegates of the French Government, paid a visit to Marakesh, the capital of the south, the great Caïds of all that region came forth from the city gates in long processional welcome. On them Germany had relied to attack France—and they have become the most devoted adherents and aids of the French in the improvement of their country.

Behind the green valley and palm-trees of Marakesh rise the rocks of the Atlas and its gateway into the Sahara. There El Heiba still roams with his wild religious Blue Brethren, in the vain hope that French weakness will allow them to make the attack for which the Germans engaged him. They left for him beforehand in the desert zone of Ifni arms and munitions and money. For eighteen months he has waited, with here and there an attempt along his desert frontier. He has taken long since the title of Sultan; but it is the great Moroccan nobles, the survival of the feudal nobles of Europe's dark age, who keep watch and ward against him.

Since 1912, Gen. Lyautey has held South Morocco without shedding a drop of French blood. Last autumn, in full war of Europe, he opened the Exposition of Casablanca. It was for the natives as much as for French manufacturers and merchants, whose attention was elsewhere. The noble Caïds settled themselves down at the gate in a camp of magnificent array. It was noted that they bought whole sets of European furniture. The prosperous citizens of Fez came in endless caravans. Many already had dealings with

Europe, and they studied well. Then there was the crowd of Islam, veiled women leading one child and with another perched on the shoulder; Biblical old men; all sorts and conditions, on camels and mules and Barbary steeds—and Jews of those very old colonies which came to Africa when Jerusalem fell, and whose sons now enter into the University of France.

Never has the cinema had such a work of popular education. You can fool the people when they can only listen to your talk—but not when they have seen with their eyes. Perhaps no victory of French arms in this war will have been greater than this peaceful conquest of the "big fair"—the Grand Souk.

THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, March 20.

Among other changes brought about in Parliamentary custom with the advent of a new century is the appearance of the Lobby of the House of Commons. Time was within the memory of some members of the present House when the Lobby at a certain period of the sitting was the most important section of the stage. Questions over, members were accustomed to flock out and throng the Lobby with conversational groups. Save for the absence of pretty faces, fresh frocks and bonnets, Church Parade in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoons that are no more was, by comparison, in respect of crowd and animation, a dull spot. For a full half-hour, longer if politics were brisk, the crowd remained. The Lobby was for the while the hub of the universe. Distinguished strangers visiting London were brought down, and had pointed out to them the celebrities of the hour. The buzz of conversation was plainly heard by those remaining in the otherwise deserted House.

To-day arid change asserts itself. There is question hour, happily as heretofore strictly limited in point of time. As soon as the hand of the clock points to a quarter to three, and the business of the sitting is entered upon, members, including Ministers, observe the ancient homely custom of hurrying out of the House as if fire or plague had broken out on the premises. They do not pause to loiter in the Lobby to chat with their fellow men. They race off to the library, newspaper, or tea room, leaving the Lobby to desolation and the policemen on duty. Even the Whips, formerly on guard by the door, have disappeared. There being no longer sharp division of party politics, "when all are for the State," there is no impending danger of a division, whether snapped or laboriously prepared for. The duty of the Whip at the door was to see that no member quitted the premises if a division were imminent, or, if it were deferred to a later hour of the sitting, that he pledged himself to return in good time.

When I first knew the Lobby the public was admitted without restriction. To-day approach to it is as jealously guarded as if it were the key to the fortress of London. Like many other changes established in connection with the House of Commons, this one had its origin in Ireland. When the Land League was in full force, and among other concrete

arguments in favor of Home Rule attempt was made to blow up the Home Office, apprehension of attack on the Houses of Parliament naturally possessed the mind of Ministers. The ordinary police guard was accordingly strengthened, and the Lobby closed to all strangers. Out of this uncompromising prohibition there grew a custom of giving permits chiefly to representatives of the press having business at Westminster. Beyond the "Lobby List" and the case of strangers visiting the House under the personal charge of members, the Lobby is a sealed casket.

A specially privileged class who have entrance are members of the other House. At the period recalled, when the Lobby was as crowded as the Stock Exchange during a financial boom, noble lords hurrying away from the dulness of their own Chamber gratefully thither repaired. This was specially the case with those recently translated. Like Goldsmith's Wanderer, their heart untravelling fondly turned to home—in this case situated at the far side of the Central Hall. Most frequent in attendance was Lord Ravensworth, who had sat in the Commons through thirty years. He had a curious, invariable custom of bringing with him an umbrella. As the precaution had no relation to the state of the weather, it was made the subject of constant conjecture. It was finally agreed in the gossip of the Lobby that, desirous of intimating to whom it might concern that his connection with the lower House was finally broken off, he brought his umbrella with him to show that a visit to its precincts was casual, made on his way elsewhere.

Oddly enough Mr. Gladstone observed the same subtle distinction on his occasional visits to the House of Commons, paid after the announcement in the historic letter to Lord Granville, that, "at my time of life," he felt himself justified in withdrawing from further participation in political life. When he dropped in from behind the Speaker's chair, and seated himself on the Front Opposition Bench, he always brought an umbrella with him. Deductions drawn in either case are obviously flights of fancy. They probably had their origin in the unidentified memory of the circumstance that when Paul Pry furtively looked in upon the assembled company he carried his umbrella tucked under his arm.

Another Parliamentary institution once flourishing—now languishing—is tea on the Terrace. It reached its prime in the last Unionist Parliament. Ministers were strong in the support of a faithful majority. The amount of legislative work set going was not extensive compared with the rush familiar when a Liberal Ministry, tugged at by diverse sections of convinced politicians, was in power. The thing to do was to get business through as quickly as possible with the minimum of risk from ambushed divisions. Phil May once drew a tragical sketch of an anxious wife and mother in conversation with a drunken husband outside a public house. She begged him to come home. "I'll do anything you like in reason, Mella," the head of the family hiccupped, "but I won't come 'ome." Ministerialists would do anything in reason the Whips liked. But they would not sit in the House through hour after hour of dull debate. Nor were they disposed to compromise by waiting in the precincts within sound of the division bell.

The Whips shrewdly discerned in the custom of tea on the Terrace a happy device for keeping their men in hand. On a sum-

mer afternoon, with the much freighted river sliding by, and the setting sun glowing on the ancient walls of Lambeth Palace, there are few more pleasant lounges in London. Add the attraction of the presence of fair ladies, "dressed all in their best to walk abroad with" husbands, fathers, or brothers, temptation to stray beyond sound of the division bell was lessened to point of extinction. Tea on the Terrace became one of the chief functions of fashionable life in London. It received its earliest check when the general election brought in a large contingent of workingmen members. Their wives took to the Terrace as to the manner born, bringing with them, as guests, ladies of the neighborhood, also, like the swain of Sally in our Alley, dressed all in their best. Beneath the shadow of war, London, whether East or West, is in no mood for social entertainments. Under its blight tea on the Terrace has become hopelessly tepid.

Notes from the Capital

FRANCIS GRIFFITH NEWLANDS.

Is it not a sad commentary on the decline into which our once respectable Senate has fallen that it should require a disciplinary preachment from a desert-State Senator to teach it the A-B-C of business common-sense? Yet that is the phenomenon we witnessed the other day when Francis Griffith Newlands, of Nevada, tried to make his class of dull pupils see the importance, if the Government were going to set up an armor-plate factory, of taking the precaution of keeping an accurate cost account. The conception of such an undertaking, as fixed in the minds of a number of the men he talked to, seems to have been about on the scale of a poultry yard or a hog farm.

Mr. Newlands is himself not above criticism as to bad judgment; witness his departure on the silver tangent in the crisis of the middle nineties. He had no more use for Populism than for any other of the cheap-nostrum fads of that era, but he stood with John P. Jones and the men of his group in favor of universal bimetallism, and he was able to defend his position as ably as any one could on economic and not on benevolent grounds. Misguided, or even selfish, as he may have been in his espousal of the silver cause in those days, however, he would as soon have thought of jumping off the dome of the Capitol as of handling the affairs of a private mining company in the slipshod fashion in which so many of his childish brethren of the Senate proposed to handle a great public manufacturing institution.

In spite of his silver vagaries, Newlands has shown himself a strong, shrewd, sensible legislator in most of the exigencies which have brought him to the fore. His humorous retort to the critics who recently took a fling at his tedious repetitions in debate was that only by dinning the same thing over and over again into the ears of the indifferent can one accomplish anything in the Senate. It was but a new application of the policy which Charles A. Dana insisted was necessary for moulding public sentiment through the newspaper press: you must iterate, iterate, iterate! It was only by infinite patience, unwearying good nature, an always-ready armament of hard facts, and a tactful method of present-

ing his case, that the Nevada Senator saved the Burnham Commission plans for the development of Washington from wreck when a small army of members of both houses, led by a man as influential as Speaker Cannon, was solidly arrayed against it.

There is a breezy air about Newlands, and a spirit of good cheer, that account in no small measure for his success in dealing with men who, figuratively, speak his own language. His face, which, without being in any wise weak, never loses its suggestion of a smile, is spare; so is his figure, and wonderfully supple for a septuagenarian; his gray hair is somewhat thin, but smartly brushed so as to make the most of all there is; and his attire is always youthful in style and natty to a degree. If you saw the same combination on the stage of a French theatre, you would set it down as belonging to the leading comedian of the company, probably a star. His half-amused but inscrutable expression of countenance is a great asset for Newlands. It doubtless has carried him through more than one sharp contest of wits, and he has had a good many of these. I never see it that I do not think of a remark made by "Uncle Joe" when a prominent public man of Washington was before the Appropriations Committee of the House and had passed the ordeal of a running fire of interrogatories without exposing any of the facts he did not care to publish. Cannon had taken little part in the questioning process, but had sat back in his tilted chair with his unlighted long-nine cigar perched at an angle of 90 degrees from the teeth that held it, and quietly studied the witness out of half-closed eyes. At the end of the examination he removed his cigar and observed, as though stating the result of mature cogitation: "Mr. Blank, if I had your poker face, it would be worth a thousand dollars a night to me!"

One of the liveliest tilts Newlands ever had was with a leading street-car corporation in Washington, many years ago. As trustee for the estate of the late Senator Sharon, his father-in-law, he had come into control of a large tract of land a few miles north of the city, since developed into the pretty residence suburb called Chevy Chase. As most of the householders on his list transacted business daily in Washington, he wished to furnish them with the means of getting back and forth for a single 5-cent fare. To this end he built an expensive car-line which would land its passengers at the boundary of the city, but could get no further, because the connecting city route was covered by a franchise held by a company which was unwilling to take anything but a full fare for its single share of the work.

But the last-mentioned concern had exhausted its credit, and for that reason failed to obtain certain privileges it was most anxious to acquire, and on which its future prosperity depended. After struggling in vain to bring it to terms with his company, Newlands took out a special charter which contained the coveted privileges, and then quietly went into the market and by small-lot purchases gradually gathered in enough of the stock of the obdurate corporation to give him the balance of power in its directorate. He then annexed it to his own company, established the one-fare rule, changed the name of the combination, and has ever since exhibited as fine an example as was ever seen of the success of a really active tail in wagging a too sluggish dog.

TATTLER.

Realism and Recent American Fiction

By H. W. BOYNTON.

As I have reread in order the series of papers on Realism which have been appearing in these pages during the past few months, I have been impressed with their essential unanimity. Mr. Sherman holds that there is no such thing as realism in the popular sense—photographic realism—in literature, because the element of selection is bound to come in, and the basis of selection is personal, a "working philosophy." Mr. Mather says: "Anything like an exact and scientific realism is unattainable in the graphic and plastic arts, because all seeing involves a personal act of attention, a mental act." Mr. Fite, disposing of scientific realism and its "unvarnished fact," says: "A fact without any varnish seems to me, if facts are to be related to perception, no fact at all; and how the world is to be described from nobody's point of view, I cannot imagine. . . . In a word, the real world, for philosophy as well as for literature, is the fruit of a transaction between two parties; and a realism in which either of the parties is ignored is a mere pseudo-realism." And, finally, in his discussion of realism and the current plays, Mr. Fuller says: "The absurdity of mechanical realism arises from its impotence. Try as it will, it can never quite duplicate life."

Photographic realism, scientific realism, mechanical realism, the realism of category—such, under diverse names, is the false thing. What, then, is the true? Here again I find no disagreement among the doctors: a genuine realism, they consent, interprets, creates, transforms raw fact (if there is such a thing) into something more real than fact, and infinitely more pregnant.

I.

But why, then, "realism"? It is, as Mr. Mather says, a treacherous word, always in need of some qualifying adjective. If it must be used, he would have us use it "in the light of Leonardo da Vinci's saying that the artist is the 'son of nature.'" "By this," says Mr. Mather, "he did not mean that the artist obeys nature slavishly, but that he regards her as the great mother, the inexhaustible provider of sustenance, solace, and inspiration." And, finally, the critic commends to us "that social and eminently humanistic realism by which for thousands of years artists have lived joyously and have mightily achieved."

With what, then, beside the sham realisms, do we contrast the true realism? With idealism? With sentimentalism? With romanticism? Does a humanistic realism include romance? Or controvert it? Or mightily complement it? I should say yes to the last question, for I believe, with Mr. Fuller, that a sincere realism must be based upon character study and invention—upon an interpretation of "human nature in the in-

dividual," and of human action as it expresses that human nature. Now it is clear that sincere romance has no vital concern with either of these things: indeed, in so far as it is literally sincere, unalloyed, it has no concern with them at all. Its own worthy, if minor, affair is to interpret not human character and action, but human emotions, situations, fancies, dreams. It deliberately and agreeably conventionalizes character and action for its own sufficient ends. Its black is rightly black, and its white justly white. Virtue is rewarded and vice punished by a well-tested formula. On the other hand, it is necessarily forbidden that its spades be spades. All should be illusion and glamour here, a delightful working out of comfortable conventions, a soothing substitute for and palliative of life as it lives us. Realism, on the contrary—if we choose to apply that term to the richer product of art—is not a means of escape, but a means of initiation. It employs the facts of category, or, if you will, of external nature in conjunction with the vastly more potent facts of character and action—not to the minor ends of consciously documenting or consciously varnishing life, but to the supreme end of embodying it.

Romance and realism, I like to think, have each their rightful functions, the one as a simple, the other as a complex, form of art. But how rarely, especially when we come to deal with so loose-hung and go-as-you-please a medium as fiction, is either to be found in its purity! With all our hopeful talk about advances in the art of fiction, high levels of workmanship, and so on, most of our novels are still mongrels, and still complacently unaware of their mixed parentage. Romance half-disguised under the drab raiment of mechanical realism, attempts at scientific realism fatally (for the purpose) colored by idiosyncrasy, attempts at sincere realism helplessly tintured or ruptured by romance—such are the patched products which are blithely put upon the market under the once innocent term "novel," and about which criticism must find something intelligible to say. I invite the reader to look somewhat closely, for a moment, upon certain recent American stories, with a view to finding out what progress we may be making in the direction of a sincere and, as I personally like to say, creative realism.

II.

The impulse to produce realistic work, to get close to "life," appears to be felt pretty strongly, at one time or another, by all our story-tellers of talent. It is as if they felt constrained; theoretically at least, to provide a substantial body of "Silas Laphams," to which we might point as our characteristic product, our "great American novel." That might be a desirable consummation; but "Silas Laphams" cannot be made by taking thought. Least of all, can they be turned out as a by-product or co-product of romance. A sober interpretation of life can have nothing to do with pleasant contrivances. Romance presents a sort of ideal-

ism—that sort which takes the handy portable form of illusion, or convention, whichever we choose to say. Creative realism gives idealism a stalwart and enduring body.

"And never the twain shall meet." When a romancer like Mr. Tarkington writes a story like "The Turmoil," it is a little discouraging to hear it lauded on all sides as a remarkable study of American life. Old Sheridan, a species of Lapham reduced to current terms, the self-made man whose innocent ideal is self-making, wealth-making, "progress," and who has yet so many of the warm human virtues—this character, who promised to be a character in something better than the stage sense of the word, became in the end a thing of naught. For the son Bibbs was nothing more than the eccentric romantic hero of recent fashion, and his history, necessarily involving the father's history, was sentimental and indeed preposterous. It is clear, at least, that sound characterization can only go with sound invention.

This is a principle which our magazine editors fail to grasp, or fail to stand by. For their uses, action, plot, are things by themselves. As a rule, they hold the first place; when the author has attended to them, let him fit in and furbish up the "characters," by all means. The public likes to think it is dealing with real persons, well enough. Indeed, you may start with the idea of a character-sketch, if you don't forget to work in enough story to make it go down; in the main, the yarn's the thing. This policy has an unlucky influence. Following it, as the line of least resistance, story-tellers who are capable of sincere work in one field or the other acquire the patchwork habit. Two recent novels that show the magazine influence very strongly are "The Real Adventure," by Henry Kitchell Webster, and "The Twin Sisters," by the late Justus Miles Forman.

Both stories, the work of very successful magazine contributors, won the prize of serial publication before they appeared between covers. Both stories begin strongly, with the introduction of the chief characters, who are presented with such vividness and naturalness that we look forward to something uncommonly fine and sound in the narrative which is to follow. In both instances, what happens is a flattening-out of the characterization in the interests of an unreal and mechanical plot. The ability to sketch character is there, but the ability—or the will—to embody it in action is sadly lacking. Let me specify, that I may not seem to be merely making assertions.

III.

The opening chapters of "The Real Adventure" present a young Chicago pair, healthy, intelligent, normal, but for their indifference to conventional things. They are of the mating age, they fall in love, they marry. So far we have a delightful little love story, and by no means a silly or commonplace one: we believe in the persons, and all they do is natural and right for them, being what they are. But it is here,

of course, that the "real adventure" begins. It is pretty thoroughly understood by this time that people do not necessarily "live happy ever after." But Mr. Webster takes extraordinary measures to render his young pair unhappy. To that end, and in order to work out a singularly fantastic plot, he makes them contradict pretty much everything we have learned to believe of them; and the scenes and episodes of mechanical realism with which he attempts to bolster up the narrative effect nothing towards its integrity. The hero apparently loses his intelligence in the act of becoming a husband. He reverts to a primitive type, the male who is determined that his woman shall be his plaything, not his companion. The wife, in order to qualify as his companion, also loses her common-sense, and (deserting her twin babies) goes forth to be a chorus-girl and what-not. And when they have both proved themselves absolute idiots, we are expected to believe in, and rejoice in, their second and permanent union.

"The Twin Sisters" is a similar muddle of love-interest, sex-interest (a very different matter, as we have been abundantly instructed of late), character-botching, and plot for its own sake. One of the sisters, at least, would have been, if her author had only let her be, a living figure of a twentieth-century girl, a personality-to-date uncommonly charming and "convincing." But he must needs entangle her in a sort of smart-set plot, involving a Western "cave-man," who dresses like a stage gambler, an Italian libertine, and the worthy son of an English duke, whom, of course, she marries in the end. By that time she has become such a jaded performer in the rôle of what we had originally understood to be her character, that we hardly care what happens to her. Are the writers of such books conscious of their perfidy, I wonder, or do they simply share the confusion of their editors and their public as to the difference between an honest interpretation and a piece of ingenuity—a true story and a sham one?

That it is possible for a true story to emerge from these conditions, the "Clipped Wings" of Mr. Rupert Hughes amply proves. This writer also has been very successful with the magazines. This book also was published serially. It deals, moreover, with two themes which have been almost invariably maltreated in fiction: the life of the stage, and the right of a woman to express herself in terms of art as well as in terms of domestic life. Yet Mr. Hughes has actually succeeded in embodying these ideas, instead of merely spreading them over his pages like a clumsy veil between us and the story. And the reason is that the storyteller has not been content simply to "put across" something in the easiest possible way. He has shown the instinct and the guiding purpose of an artist employing a difficult medium. He has worked rapidly and not unerringly. Here and there he puts some strain on our faith in him, as in the abysmal ignorance of stage conditions at-

tributed to Winfield, the husband, or in the minor artifice of the episode of the two birches which allegorize his and Sheila's relation. Here and there, too, the style betrays experience of the quick returns to be gained by "snappiness" and "punch." But the story as a whole is true and sound. The characters express themselves cumulatively in action: in short, there is "something doing" here, in a sense which is quite beyond the range of any possible ingenuity in the manipulation of "plot," as an end in itself.

IV.

Among other recent American novels which have attempted the serious interpretation of life, three stand out distinctly: "The Bent Twig," by Dorothy Canfield; "The Rudder," by Mary S. Watts, and "The Song of the Lark," by Willa Sibert Cather.

In "The Bent Twig," Mrs. Fisher has employed again the formula of "The Squirrel-Cage." I do not mean that it is consciously a formula. This writer is plainly striving for a pure creative realism. Things and events, as detached from character, do not interest her; nor does she make deliberate concessions in the direction of "what the public wants." But the sincerity of her work is compromised by two natural slants—one towards the "idea," the other towards romance. I mean she must not only tell a story, it must be a story that teaches a lesson, and not only that, but a story that "comes out all right." Her ruling idea is the necessity of escape for women, not from domestic humdrum, but from the empty exactions of "society." Her persons, in consequence, are not altogether free agents—free, that is, to give themselves play in action—since their salvation is more or less worked out for them in advance. Incongruous and arbitrary, therefore, appear the occasional scenes of mechanical realism. One episode of the kind—the brutal scene between Sylvia and her newly accepted lover, gets a really shocking explicitness. The episode itself is necessary to the story, but its treatment is a serious and gratuitous blemish upon a book otherwise singularly fitted, one would say, for household consumption. Surely, the "magazines" have left little enough for youth to guess at: the only thing which can lift such a scene above the plane of sensationalism is an extraordinary belief in and sympathy with the persons concerned: Sylvia's assailant is a mere bogey. As for the romantic plot of the story, it concerns a young millionaire who, for conscience sake, gives his fortune to the state, and as a relatively poor man wins, in the end, the luxury-loving Sylvia. For the rest, this book, like the earlier novel, displays a sure touch in the delineation of certain salient American types of character, and conditions of life.

The specific idea of the story, bound up with the general idea of protest against the sham standards of "society," is, as indicated by the title, that character may be definitively, though unconsciously, determined by early influences. In "The Rise of Jennie

Cushing," on the contrary, Mrs. Watts traced the upward development of a character, despite the most unfavorable influences and conditions, by virtue of an inner touchstone, the source of which remains humanly inexplicable. "The Rudder" expresses, with relative feebleness, a similar basic conception. But the persons of the story are themselves relatively feeble; and as, at the very end, we leave the feeblest of them all, "Chauncy" Devitt, mouthing once more the heroic motto, "But come what may, I will hold the rudder true," we feel that the total effect of the book is feebly ironic, rather than soundly realistic. The fatal fact is that neither persons nor action seem quite worth our trouble. They possess an annoying sort of verisimilitude, that is all; these are little people, almost infinitesimally little, and their affairs are little. Attempt is made to bolster up the heroine for us by much insistence upon her beauty and charm, her "vague, brave convictions, her wasted fires." But she remains a rather paltry little person. Physical susceptibility marries her to her brutal athlete, nearly yields her to her silly demagogue. She becomes a social worker in the slums, a husbandless, childless, loverless, moderately useful, ordinary woman. The story-teller herself appears to have been almost rudderless in this casual voyage from anywhere in America (there is, of course, the Ohio setting) to nowhere in particular. Her skill in narrative, her grace of style are here, but she has no Jennie Cushing to offer; she has not felt her characters strongly enough to give them breath of life or power of significant action.

V.

These stories, it may be noted, are all built about young women of the present, striving in one way or another for some sort of independent existence and self-expression. The girl of "The Real Adventure," as we have seen, is content to express herself through wifehood, but can fit herself for the rôle as she sees it only by proving her "economic" or physical independence. The heroine of "The Twin Sisters" must convert her British Honourable to the tango and other post-Victorian liberalities before he is fit to be married. In "The Bent Twig" and "The Rudder" we find our young women knitting their brows over the problems of womanhood as if brows had been but now created for that purpose. In "Clipped Wings" the motive is far more clear. Sheila is not a woman groping vaguely, after the inconveniences of domestic life have been experienced, for a career outside the home. She has been called to the successful exercise of her art before marriage lays its exclusive claims upon her. The need of her art is an inheritance from generations of artists. So long as she is absolutely cut off from it, happiness is impossible for her. This is a true thing, among all the false things that are being alleged about genius and "temperament." Sheila is not flighty or egotistical or incapable of devotion to her husband and children; she is simply a woman who is also an artist.

A similar theme, treated in a deeper and broader way, is the basis of Miss Cather's "The Song of the Lark," which I think the most genuine and powerful story, American or English, of recent years. I need not say again what I said of it some months ago in these pages. The impression of its noble sincerity there recorded has persisted, has been strengthened by the rereading which itself constrained. As for Thea Kronborg, the great singer, there is an angle from which one may pity her. Wifehood and motherhood are not for her, singly devoted as she is to the fulfilment of her gift, as a trust. Passionate love has touched her with its revealing wand, and so passed on. But Miss Cather's triumph is in making us feel, without arguing it, that Thea's womanhood has not been slain for art, but has been rightly poured, the last drop of it, into that golden chalice of song with which she alone can hearten the world. Among all the flimsy puppets labelled "genius" whom our novelists have been displaying in their shop-windows, the spineless, egotistical, hysterical, vulgar lot, Thea Kronborg, in her simple and unforced reality, stands fairly alone. We believe in her genius because we believe in herself—that sound human self of which her genius is but the supreme expression. Here, at least, is a true story, a well-nigh faultless interpretation of character in action, a work of sincere, creative realism.

Correspondence

THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We are reluctant to add to the multitude of public appeals, but we feel ourselves justified in urging that a modest sum may be found for an excellent purpose. It would be sad for many of us if, as a side-effect of the war, the Shakespeare Head Press, at Stratford-upon-Avon, should be broken up and the devoted work terminated of its founder, Mr. A. H. Bullen. When about £10,000, or three minutes' cost of the war, will save an undertaking which is an honor to English literature and English typography, to Shakespeare's country and Caxton's country, we strongly hope that the amount named will be provided by the generosity of a single donor or by wider subscription. The former way would be the better, and, now that the Shakespeare tercentenary approaches, we need not point out that the name of a single donor would be fitly perpetuated in Stratford-upon-Avon. That is indeed a distinction to which any man or woman might aspire.

On Mr. Bullen's behalf, few words are needed. It is more than a quarter of a century since his publication of rare Elizabethan works began to delight and instruct us. He set up his press at Stratford in no ordinary spirit, but as scholar and printer. He has been in some sense a Caxton of our day. Taking as his text Thomas Fuller's saying that "Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost," he has brought out in distinguished form volumes that would not otherwise have seen the light. Among such things are Gabriel Harvey's "Marginalia" and

Mr. W. J. Lawrence's "The Elizabethan Playhouse," representing years of research. The "Stratford Town Shakespeare," in ten stately volumes, is for beauty and dignity unique among editions and ennobles any library, private or public, in which it may be found. In all these labors there has been more love than profit; but England has been the gainer.

There is still much to do that ought to be done. Valuable material lies now almost inaccessible in unprinted manuscripts. Many of our older writers need to be edited or re-edited. If Mr. Bullen could realize his dream of following his great Stratford Shakespeare by editions of all the Elizabethan dramatists, he would accomplish that which of all things perhaps is most desired by true lovers of books throughout the English-speaking world.

Mr. Bullen hoped to establish a continuing press for the benefit, now and hereafter, of Shakespearean scholars, British and American, who could not look to have their work published on ordinary commercial terms. He especially wishes to train a younger man to carry on the work eventually. We need not say that all the conditions of sound management for the purposes in view would be served by a properly constituted trust.

Nor, small as is the sum required for these purposes, do we feel that they are so much apart, after all, from the great conflict of the hour. "We must be free or die who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake." A real agent in swelling the enemy's arrogance has been the familiar German boast that Shakespeare is more their possession than ours. Mr. Bullen's life-work has been one answer. We hope the response to our appeal will be another. Let us not doubt that whatever is worthy of the historic soul of a nation does indeed sustain its arms, and that the scholar may help the soldier unawares. Checks may be sent payable to Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 16 St. James's Street, London, S. W., for the account, Shakespeare Head Press (Sir Edward Brabrook, honorary treasurer).

Beauchamp; H. C. Beeching, D.D., D.Litt., dean of Norwich; F. R. Benson, Laurence Binyon, Edward Brabrook, C.B., Dir.S.A., V.P. R.S.L.; E. K. Chambers, C.B.; Hugh Chisholm, editor-in-chief of the eleventh (Cambridge) edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; William Leonard Courtney, M.A., LL.D., fellow of New College, Oxford; C. H. O. Daniel, D.D., provost of Worcester College, Oxford; George A. B. Dewar, A. Feuillerat, University of Rennes; C. H. Firth, LL.D., F.B.A., Regius professor of modern history in the University of Oxford; J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*; Edmund Gosse, C.B., LL.D.; Frederic Kenyon, K.C.B., F.B.A., Litt.D., director and principal librarian of the British Museum; Charles Lethbridge Kingsford, M.A., F.S.A.; Ernest Law, F.S.A.; Harold Littledale, Litt.D., University College of South Wales; R. B. McKerrow, Litt.D., Plymouth; William Poel; Frederick Pollock; Romain Rolland; W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D., Perse School, Cambridge; William Sanday, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Lady Margaret professor of divinity and canon of Christ Church; J. E. Sandys, Litt.D., F.B.A., public orator of the University of Cambridge; Charles Whibley, LL.D., honorary fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.

[We are glad to reprint this appeal, originally published in the London *Spectator*, and we cordially endorse Mr. Bullen's words, in forwarding the letter to us, "This Press

should interest American scholars quite as much as English." Mr. Bullen adds: "My idea is to make Shakespeare's town a rallying-point for Elizabethan scholars on both sides of the Atlantic."—ED. THE NATION.]

LINCOLN AND PREPAREDNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With our talk of preparedness growing ever wilder, I am reminded of an anecdote of Lincoln, characteristic in its penetration and humor. I quote it in full, as I find it recorded in Francis Fisher Browne's "Every-Day Life of Lincoln," a volume rich in personal reminiscences and restrained but fearless in its emphasis of the vision of a true leader in days, like these, of wars and rumors of wars.

It was in 1862, when a delegation of New York millionaires waited upon Lincoln, after the appearance of the Merrimac, and "represented to him that they were very uneasy about the unprotected situation of their city, which was exposed to attack and bombardment by rebel rams; and they requested him to detail a gunboat to defend the city. The gentlemen were fifty in number, very dignified and respectable in appearance, and stated that they represented in their own right \$100,000,000. Lincoln did not wish to offend these gentlemen, and yet he intended to give them a little lesson. He listened with great attention, and seemed to be much impressed by their presence and their statements. Then he replied, very deliberately: 'Gentlemen, I am by the Constitution commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States; and, as a matter of law, can order anything done that is practicable to be done. But, as a matter of fact, I am not in command of the gunboats or ships of war; as a matter of fact, I do not know exactly where they are, but presume they are actively engaged. It is impossible for me, in the present condition of things, to furnish you a gunboat. The credit of the Government is at a very low ebb; greenbacks are not worth more than forty or fifty cents on the dollar; and, in this condition of things, if I was worth half as much as you, gentlemen, are represented to be, and as badly scared as you seem to be, I would build a gunboat and give it to the Government.'"

A. O.

Chicago, March 14.

A MITE TO THE JOY OF NATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *In re Hung vs. Hanged*, the reader will do well to ponder the difference between saying of X—, an artist: He is hung on the line, and saying: He is hanged on the line.

J. M. H.

March 10.

NATIONAL VITALITY AND SELECTION BY SURVIVAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As set forth in your editorial on "The Trend of American Death-Rates" in the *Nation* of January 27, the mortality from tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, and typhoid has been reduced from one-half to one-fourth in each of these diseases during 1914, as compared with the corresponding death-rate for 1900, which means a saving of human life amounting to 155 per 100,000. On the

other hand, it is shown that heart disease, Bright's disease, apoplexy, and diabetes have caused an increase in the death rate amounting to 74 per 100,000. Thus, the increased death-rate in diseases occurring after middle life partially offsets the saving of life during earlier years. The question is raised as to whether the "less robust," who "have been saved from the death which would have befallen them under the worse medical and sanitary conditions of 1900," do not constitute a class of weaklings who readily succumb to so-called "secondary diseases" of later life. This question follows the statement that the influence of "selection by survival" is not sufficiently taken into account.

Passing over the remaining points of the editorial, I wish to call attention to the last statement. "Selection by survival" is apparently held to mean the weeding-out process which goes on in the absence of sanitation, hygiene, and surgery; in other words, the survival of the fittest. It is shown that the mortality in diseases of later life is increasing. The inference drawn is that the intervention or interference of improved medical and sanitary conditions has been the cause of the upward trend of the death-rate in diseases of later life, by making it possible for the weaklings to survive for a time, only to succumb to one of the diseases of later life.

On the face of it, this view seems plausible enough. It is only when we begin to look deeper into the matter that we find we must view it in a different light. In the first place, heart disease, Bright's disease, apoplexy, and diabetes, "secondary diseases," attack organs which have been left weakened by typhoid, pneumonia, scarlet fever, or other "primary" diseases. Physicians maintain that some diseases, especially typhoid fever and pneumonia, are more apt to attack the strong than the weak. Assuming this to be true, a reduction in the mortality due to primary diseases would have a more decided effect upon the strong than upon weaklings.

Again, it remains to be shown that medical interference with "selection by survival" would be different in its effect on the strong and on the weak. The Committee of One Hundred on National Health, in its report to the National Conservation Commission in 1909, came to the following conclusion: "When it is said that the lives of weak infants are prolonged, it is commonly overlooked that the same causes also prolong the lives of the strong, and, reversely, that unhygienic conditions which tend to exterminate the weak tend also to shorten the lives of the strong. Bad hygiene is merely a common handicap for all classes. . . . Bad air and children's epidemics are the common environment of all. While this must produce a great mortality, it remains to be shown that it would be more selective." The same thing is true in regard to trees. Even the sturdiest fail to thrive above the timber line. In discussing the racial degeneration of the Greek, Mayor Ronald Ross said, in an address before the Oxford Medical Society, November 29, 1906:

"Infecting the child one or two years after birth, malaria persecutes him until puberty with a long succession of febrile attacks. . . . People often seem to think that such a plague strengthens a race by killing off the weaker individuals, but this view rests on the unproven assumption that it is really the weaker child which cannot survive. On the contrary, experience seems to show that it is the stronger blood which suffers most."

Is it not, then, improbable that the interference of hygiene, sanitation, and surgery with "selection by survival" would have the effect of raising, rather than lowering, the mortality in diseases of middle and advanced life?

ARTHUR F. WARREN.

Stanford University, March 23.

[Our position was not one of positive assertion, but of scientific doubt; and the points adduced by our correspondent are very far from sufficient to remove the doubt. Our own belief as to the probabilities is that, in spite of some specific matters in which the contrary may be true, the factor of survival operates on the whole distinctly in the direction we have indicated. What we object to is the assumption that no such factor need be taken into account. Until the statistics have been analyzed incomparably more profoundly than they have yet been, no such assumption is warranted.—ED. THE NATION.]

Magazine Verse for 1915

Anthology of Magazine Verse. 1915. By William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Gomme & Marshall. \$1.50.

Mr. Braithwaite's volume contains an introduction, an anthology of 101 magazine poems from 72 authors, and a "Year-Book," embracing an index of magazine poems, a critique of books, lists of books, critical or creative, a list of reviews, and a magazine summary, all, of course, limited to the subject, poetry, and the year, 1915. I shall speak of the poets first and afterwards of the critic, believing that I shall be countenanced in that order by the critic's self-forgetting generosity.

In "Invocation," Wendell Phillips Stafford is tenderly patriotic in stanzas whose finish likewise is tender, and the highest wrath, the wrath of pity, is articulate in Robert Underwood Johnson's *Lusitania* poem, "The Haunting Face." Richard Le Gallienne's "Ballad of Amaryllis" is eiderdown to the ear, and Odell Shepard has a metre that hushes and heals in his shimmering and tenuous "Vistas." In Theresa Virginia Beard's finely cadenced and subtly imagined "Heritage" (on the Magdalen) the spikenard with which the feet are laved is unsurpassable; I miss only the tears. In "The Maker of Images," Brian Hooker, after his wont, setting sail for greatness, stops short at magnificence, and in "The Barberry Bush" Grace Hazard Conkling unwinds stone by stone that necklace of brilliants which only the dedication of a deeper purpose could transform into a rosary. Blank verse is so rare that its felicity in Edward F. Garesché's "Sun-Browned with Toil" has almost the charm of archaism.

In "Green Symphony" John Gould Fletcher dazzles, almost blinds, us in the pursuit of his favorite experiment, the detachment of a sensorium from a soul; the next step will be its detachment from a consciousness.

Amy Lowell, whose "Patterns" copes gallantly but ineffectually with the hardships of a subject that is both a lure and a snare, becomes in "The Fruit Shop," to the confusion of backbiters, inordinately and inexcusably charming. In "Cradle Song" the labyrinthine art of Josephine Preston Peabody enswathes, almost enshrouds, her genuine feeling, but in "Men Have Wings at Last" the art is no mummy-case, but a cocoon whose prompt rupture sets free the splendid imaginative vigor of her mind. In a beautiful sonnet, "July," Mahlon Leonard Fisher has so compressed and straitened his imagery that it fairly gasps for breath.

Percy MacKaye is phrasally effective and collectively nebulous in "The Return of August," and a second reading fosters one's regard for William Samuel Johnson's vigorous "Prayer for Peace." George E. Woodberry is dignified, and sometimes lofty, in his 1914 "Sonnets," and in her high-motivated "Beyond the War" Olive Tilford Dargan so loads her banner with exquisite and precious embroidery that it hangs a little droopingly upon its staff.

In "The Vinegar Man" Ruth Comfort Mitchell misses power, chiefly, I should say, through the fear to miss it, and the "yellow tooth of gas" which Dana Burnet sets aflame in "Gayheart" sometimes illuminates and sometimes flares. Edwin Arlington Robinson, in "Flammonde" and "Old King Cole," weaves an undoubted spell which he half-unweaves in the one case by the plethora, in the other by the paucity, of his explanation. Robert Frost, in "Birches" and "The Road Not Taken," shows the mixture of bluntness and reserve, the brusque and saturnine camaraderie, which tinges his lyric, and in "The Death of the Hired Man" is at the apex of his power. Edgar Lee Masters, in two monologues and in "Silence," consents to be rather less miraculous than he appears in the resplendent eulogy (to Edgar Lee Masters) of Richard Butler Glaenger. James Oppenheim, in "1915," envelops the half-willing reader in the folds of his bearskin. Arthur Guiterman is sinewy and inspiring in "Hills."

I reserve for final mention three poems which have left bright imprints in my memory: Joseph Warren Beach's "Cave Talk," for sheer dramatic clarity, for communicativeness, hardly outdone in the collection; Margaret Widdemer's "God and the Strong Ones," not of prime originality perhaps, but a poem in which old ideals of form and new conceptions of motive and matter find their trysting-place in a flawless melody and art; and Amelia Josephine Burr's "Ulysses in Ithaca," where the modelling is exalted and the reconciliation of ethics and nature too profound to be either sensuous or austere.

The distribution of themes is significant. Not five poems, perhaps, out of 101 are specifically erotic. The recession of the sonnet is one symptom of the abeyance, momentary at least, of the self-probing, self-envisaging impulse. Though personal feeling is strongly manifest, pure subjectivity is the rare exception. The poet is builder

as well as musician, and the site of his emotion is not so much pure mind as the concrete exterior actuality. Externalizations, dramatic impersonations in monologue or dialogue, apostrophes to persons, descriptive vignettes, pure narratives, give to the table of contents a distinctly Browningsque complexion. War has ensanguined the volume; even preparedness has its vocalists; in an extremely well-versed poem, "The Wind in the Corn," E. Sutton is yearningly tender on the subject of national armament. Landscape, except as setting or shading, is infrequent; the greenly symphonic Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Frost, whose temper sympathizes with the pitchiness in trees; Mr. Fisher, Mr. Griffith, and Mrs. Conkling here and there unbar a path to the fields or woodlands. I doubt if there be a strictly religious poem in the anthology. Miss Widdemer and Mr. W. S. Johnson understand the value of God as a dramatic asset.

What is the specific advance, the trait which makes this poetry far ahead of the verse of 1900? *Character* is too strong a term; let us compromise on the word *definition*. At both extremities of the creative process, in design and in execution, the substitution of what I might call the cusp for the scallop, of exactness and alertness for blur and unconcern, is equally and impressively manifest. For illustration, let me take the "Sister Mary Veronica" of Nancy Byrd Turner, a poem hardly notable beside the major lyrics in the volume; nevertheless, its design would not have shamed Matthew Arnold, and its finish would have been praiseworthy in Tennyson. In themes, specification, sometimes verging on specialization, is the first desideratum. Labor is visible—not obtrusive, but yet visible—in the preparation of these tended, almost pampered, lyrics. The poems are long; they average more than a page and a half in length; the really short poem is illustrated chiefly by the fire-tipped darts of Sara Teasdale, and the rather less fiery and arrowy ejaculations of William Griffith. Song has almost disappeared, and the most admirably fluid versification can no longer be taken as a voucher for spontaneity. Alertness has its price in tension. These are things to be regretted certainly, to be overcome if possible; but in face of the large positive advance, they are not things to be magnified or deplored.

The selections of Mr. Braithwaite are judicious. There are poems in the volume I should have declined to include, but there would have been quite as many of this class, I fancy, in a compilation by Mr. Stedman or Mr. Palgrave. The editor's literary canons are sound, but his canons are not wholly literary. Two classes of poems—poems of unflinching contemporaneity, poems of didactic prophecy—obtain entrance after an unduly shortened scrutiny of their artistic and emotional passports. The result is both an abatement in quality and a gain in comprehensiveness, and the work as document is enriched by the very inclusions which impair its standing as literature.

Twelve poems, by my count, are stamped with imagism, and the average of their worth is markedly below that of the volume. It is curious to note that, when an able writer, like Mr. Arensberg, is represented only by free verse, his ability is overcast, and where another artist, like Miss Lowell, is represented in both kinds, her superiority in the older forms is insulting to the neologisms. Mr. Braithwaite's endorsement of the newer forms is not quite unreserved. He is very good to the imagists, but hardly in the ratio of his goodness to poets as a class. No one could call his admiration niggardly; rather let us say that he lauds them with that degree of intemperance which in Mr. Braithwaite is the equivalent of moderation.

Warmth is not the proper term to describe the attitude of this critic to American poets; the fitting expression would be sulkiness. Enthusiasm, when sincere, is an endearing weakness, but I could wish that, in the interest of his own repute and even of the well-being of his clientèle, Mr. Braithwaite could be induced to moderate his laudations. The praise he gives to the "Vision of War" of Mr. Colcord, an earnest book whose literature is hardly a temptation to hyperbole, might make a sensitive recipient feel that he was half-victimized by his benefactor.

The point on which Mr. Braithwaite enlarges in his preface is expressed in the following sentence: "It must be understood that the pulse of life beats in poetry, not from the theme, but through the abstract realities of the poet's soul, breathing into the theme the inexplicable sentience of being." For readers for whom the thin air of "inexplicable sentience" is hardly respirable, I quote again: "It [poetry or poetic value] has everything to do with expression, and nothing whatever with substance."

In other words, the subject is indifferent, or, if one pleases, the matter is immaterial. The dictum is sound enough, but in this unguarded formulation might well prove a snare to ignorance. In the presence of achieved results, it makes no difference whether a given quality and intensity of emotion has been educed by the contemplation of Arcturus or of a screw-driver. But, in the forecast of probabilities, it makes all the difference in the world whether the object proposed for contemplation be the star or the tool. The fluidity of melted diamond and melted ice may be indistinguishable, but it does not follow that solid diamond and solid ice are equally subject to liquefaction. A subject can never be a valid reason for condemnation, but it may be an evident cause of failure, and in the second capacity, not the first, it enters properly into the scope of criticism. Inspirations (Mr. Braithwaite avoids the hackneyed word which must content my humility) are measurable by degree and kind, not by causes; but not all subjects are equally evocative of inspiration, and not all inspirations are equally communicable.

There are certain poets whom Mr. Braith-

waite cherishes to whom his doctrine of the irrelevancy of the subject might convey a needed lesson. These singers apparently draw a distinction. Beauty is nothing until it be imaginatively transformed, but ugliness is acceptable in its native crudity. If I say "The sun rose on the summits high," this record of a pleasing fact is futile in the absence of proofs of imaginative excitement in the recorder; but if I say "The filth reeked in the rotten sty," the mere fact is poetry in default of inspiration. We make terms, in short, with beauty, but the ugly is passed without credentials. Let these artists be so far tractable to their friend and patron as to recognize that the demand for inspiration is universal, that the law cannot be relaxed even in favor of subjects so seductive as the prosaic, the dissonant, the grotesque, the unsavory.

Let me remark, by the way, that Mr. Braithwaite thinks that during the last year the criticism of verse has greatly improved, has attained brilliance and permanence, indeed, in Los Angeles and Chicago. The state of New York I leave to the reader's compassionate inference.

To return to Mr. Braithwaite's criticism of the "Best Poetry of 1915." It is interesting, unquestionably; it is much more than interesting; to a person duly equipped with sanative doubts and trenchant discounts, it is full of instruction and incentive. I have myself largely profited by the affluence of a knowledge in which breadth is no hindrance to particularity. One might possibly say of Mr. Braithwaite that, while his perceptions are brightened by his sympathy, they are, on the contrary, dulled by his enthusiasm. At such moments criticism passes into psalmody; the thought loses edge and the style becomes florid. In an atmosphere so warm and humid as the spirit of Mr. Braithwaite in its exaltations, flowers spring up almost of their own accord, and the iridescence that ensues is not conducive to transparency. He can see with precision and delicacy when he will, but when, instead of analyzing his poet, he proceeds to

Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close (the) eyes with holy dread,

the lovers of insights are naturally disconcerted.

There are many errors in grammar and spelling in this volume, especially in the criticism, which argue either a great negligence in the composition or a Utopian faith in the probity of compositors. In thirty-three (closely printed) pages of criticism, I marked forty-eight improprieties. I quote the three on page 224: "there still exists several short books"; "an essential volume for every one to add to their collection"; "a real study of customs in a genre setting" (quotation). The addition of an "s" to Mr. Hardy's "Satires of Circumstance(s)" makes the title self-illustrative. In three instances (pages 85, 89, 90) Mr. Burnet's metre in "Gayheart" is falsified by careless printing; the poem deals, by-the-by, with the sufferings of men of letters.

O. W. FIRKINS.

Literature

THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR.

The Diplomacy of the Great War. By Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

It is probable, and not undesirable, that the literature relating to the present conflict in Europe will one day be far more extensive than that which has been published about the Napoleonic struggles or the American Civil War. This is not merely because there has never before been so gigantic a conflict among civilized peoples, but also because it has involved directly and indirectly interested a greater number of men and women able to read and write than was ever previously the case. And because these people think that they share in the power of their Governments, this is a time more than any before it when information is demanded and officials and publicists yield it. Already, therefore, the quantity of literature bearing on the war is immense in all the languages of western Europe. In English there have been numerous accounts, hasty, partisan, and of little value, such as Sladen's "Real Truth about Germany," Münsterberg's "The War and America," and Burgess's "European War of 1914"; profound and searching studies like Dewey's "German Philosophy and Politics"; two books of considerable value upon the immediate causes of the catastrophe: Beck's "Evidence in the Case" and Price's "Diplomatic History of the War"; two excellent and more important volumes on the same subject: Headlam's "History of Twelve Days" and Stowell's "Diplomacy of the War of 1914"; and on the general and remoter causes, two books of particular merit: Gibbons's "New Map of Europe" and the volume now under inspection.

A comparison of the two books last mentioned is naturally suggested. In both cases the authors, who are men in early prime, have added to historical knowledge acquaintance with alien peoples and foreign lands which the library or study alone can never give. Hart's "War in Europe," for example, is a useful compilation always smacking of other books and printed things; but Gibbons easily takes his readers to the old towns of Croatia or the quays along the Bosphorus, while Bullard treats of the Barbary coast or the Spanish Americas with sure touch and vivid portrayal that come from actual association and intimate understanding. As Gibbons is at his best when dealing with Turkey and the Balkan countries, so is Bullard when his subject is France and Morocco or the United States and Latin America. Both authors may be read with as much interest as profit; both write with the force and the perspicuity which the best newspaper correspondents use; and in our opinion, they both of them, but particularly the author now examined, approach all too frequently to the borderland of con-

temporary colloquial diction, where the dignity and repression of the historian's style are abandoned for striking and picturesque phrases.

Mr. Bullard's volume consists of four parts, the first dealing with diplomatic history in Europe during the past generation. There is unusually vivid description of the work of the Congress of Berlin, which, rather than the Treaty of Frankfurt, the author chooses for the beginning of the new era; a characterization of the Europe dominated by Bismarck; a study of the regeneration and revival of France; the changing relations of Germany and England; the new grouping of the Triple Entente; and an account of the tension in European affairs from the crisis of Algeiras to the settlement of difficulties in the Balkans. The author is frankly sympathetic with France beyond any other nation he treats of, but he condemns the methods of chicanery and deceit practiced by the French colonial party which acquired for the Republic Morocco. Nowhere have we seen a better brief account of the Moroccan crises and the conference at Algeiras. The case of Germany is treated with justice and consideration, and much that issued from the Quai d'Orsay and from Whitehall is judged with disapproval.

Underlying all this, however, is the thesis of the author, that the rise and influence of *Deutschtum* is ultimately responsible for the new grouping of European nations into one coalition under German patronage and direction opposed by another made up of diverse interests welded together through fear of this far-reaching and all-pervading force, and that it is responsible for all the consequences which have ensued in the new system. In other words, that there has grown up among Germans during the nineteenth century, and particularly among those who have formed the German Empire, a belief that they are a chosen people superior to other races, possessing superior civilization, capable of higher development, and prepotent by virtue of innate excellence, suppression of individuality, and coördination of effort; and that, imbued with this belief, which has taken powerful hold upon Teutonic imagination, they have made it their ideal and conceive it their mission to spread Germanism, by example, if possible, but by force, if necessary, all over the world, thus giving to German people the keeping of the future and the lordship of the races of the earth. Following Professor Dewey, our author traces the genesis of this idea back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. "Elevate the German name," said Fichte, "to that of the most glorious among all peoples, making this nation the regenerator and restorer of the world." The author shows how this feeling grew with the progress of time, with the industrial prosperity of the Zollverein and the political hegemony of the Bismarckian period, until at last it became a strange thing of mysticism and ideals, bright and terrible as a naked sword, a thing of efficiency and splendid achievement, and also a thing of haughty arrogance and

pride of power. This is the key to an understanding of the last generation: "The non-Germanic peoples felt that it was not only their right but their most sacred duty to resist the encroachments of the *Deutschtum*. The Germans could not conceive how any but idiots and perverts could resist the realization of their beneficent and reforming mission." It is the force of this ideal and of this ambition more than the stress of economic causes which has occasioned the pressure of Germany upon the rest of the world; and this, in the opinion of the author, often explains the curious and apparently inconsistent policy of Wilhelm II.

Other portions of the work deal with *The New Elements of Diplomacy* and *The Liquidation of This War*. The latter, which is frankly an analysis and explanation of what may happen but has not yet come to pass, is of more value than writing of the kind is wont to be. It is the opinion of the author that the allies of the Entente will triumph, unless they fall apart in the course of the conflict, and he looks to see the Teutonic Powers hardly defeated. He is much more doubtful about the ability of the Allies, if victorious, to divide their spoils without quarrelling, to the advantage of Germany. If the Central Powers win, he predicts the hegemony of a greater military Germany, and probably in the end the "Europeanization" of Germany by the conquered and subordinate peoples. In the course of these chapters there are many lucid explanations and summaries, which make pleasant and probably useful reading. The writer is more cautious than Roland Usher, and his conjectures are always clearly distinguished from the conclusions which he has based upon authoritative information.

The last part of the book has to do with the relations between the United States and foreign countries, and considers some of the problems which have recently arisen. The author observes that, while complete separation from European affairs was never possible, our desire to avoid entangling alliances led to the Monroe Doctrine, of which the negative side is non-interference in Europe. He believes, however, that sooner or later "we must accept world-wide responsibilities," and shows how the advent of Mr. Roosevelt brought considerable participation in *Weltpolitik*. Elsewhere he gives an admirable account of our share in the settlement of the Moroccan crisis of 1906, with the significant statement that, while in our "Congressional Record" there is scarcely a word about it, and little more in the State Department's publication on foreign relations, yet in André Tardieu's "Conférence d'Algeiras" the index contains more references to the name of Mr. Roosevelt than to that of Sir Edward Grey, and almost as many as to M. Delcassé's. In discussing the problems which have arisen during the war he condemns unsparingly the arbitrary policy of British sea-lords, with their unconcern for the rights of neutrals, but he explains how these offences differ in character from such crimes as the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

"Sane statesmanship will bend every effort to maintain our neutrality," but he declares that there is grave possibility of continual friction with Germany. Concerning national defence, he believes our peril to be magnified by military authorities, whose business forces them to take a gloomy view of such things.

As to the keeping of peace among the nations hereafter, the author believes that most pacifist projects are impracticable, and have been proved so in the past. One hope for Europe, he thinks, lies in the increase of democratic control over foreign affairs. But it is interesting to recall in this connection that when the English Parliament was encroaching upon the King's prerogative in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, its most conspicuous failure was in the effort made to control foreign affairs, which from time immemorial had been in the hands of the King. As the power of the Crown waned this prerogative was transferred, not to the House of Commons, but to the Cabinet, which was then the King's Cabinet, and so remained subject to the jurisdiction of a small group of men working in secret; and this failure, so frequently shown in the Parliamentary debates, was because England would have been at great disadvantage if its relations with other states had not been managed in secrecy. The author admits this very difficulty, but believes that time will bring amelioration. His hope for the future is, however, that people may come more and more to base their actions on "will to justice" rather than "will to power."

We have noticed one or two trifling misstatements. The bibliography is not scientifically arranged, but since it contains accounts of many interesting works little known as yet to the average reader, it is far more interesting and serviceable than bibliographies are apt to be.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Man of Promise. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Co.

This is so much on the lines of Mr. Dreiser's "The 'Genius'" that a rough outline of one narrative might serve for the other. The present hero, to be sure, is only incidentally an artist. Primarily, he is an idealistic philosopher; and his figuring for a time as the "ablest novelist in England" represents a lapse and a dereliction. But apart from his "genius"—let us accept Mr. Dreiser's marks of quotation—there is little to distinguish him from the dirty fellow of the earlier story. He also is the helpless prey of women. Before he has fairly escaped from home he has been engaged by a village maiden. His college career is ruined by his addiction to a damsel of another sort. Whenever he is on the verge of achieving real greatness, fate constrains him to take a wife or a mistress. He drags them about by the hair, he earnestly wishes to strangle them, he does his best to deceive them, to escape

them, to give his lofty intelligence to the task for which, he says, it is destined. It is all of no avail. None of them is willing to have him do anything but make love after his strange fashion. They hang about his neck, they stifle him, they play upon his crude jealousy, upon his vanity—anything to hold him back and down. In the end they are too much for him; he gives up the dream of his magnum opus, "a gigantic ethic of culture running to ten volumes, which would cover every branch of human aspiration"; and in the abjectness of his degradation returns to his wife and child, to America, to the little college for which his father has destined him. There he takes up the dingy rôle of husband, father, and instructor of youth. It is the sex in its most guileless form which has really done for him. "He had, as he thought, freed himself from the influence of women, but he had forgotten his daughter, the strongest influence of them all. His strength had gone; his courage had failed. After the efforts of a lifetime he had arrived at a brilliant and desperate chaos." In that "brilliant and desperate chaos" of domesticity and routine usefulness, we may leave him to his disgruntlement, a paltry figure at the end as at the beginning.

The Beasts of Tarzan. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is the third number of a series of yarns about an ape-man which the publishers say has been a greater commercial success than any fiction they have issued for some time. From the literary point of view they are perfectly negligible. The style is absurd, the action is mechanical, the characterization is nil. Why, then, do they succeed? It is a question worth asking, now and again, in the face of such indications of popular taste. One way of answering it is to say that such books sell because they are so bad, because they are not books at all. The present commentator prefers to believe, and is able to believe, that they sell because they present in the crude forms assimilable by the crude tastes and intelligences of their special public certain commodities which are in themselves by no means contemptible. The style of these Tarzan tales is as good as it need be, if not as good as it can afford to be—that loose fustian of the cheap newspapers which is a literary standard for millions. As for true action and characterization, they are a pretence or an impertinence in literature of this type—a literature for children of all growths. The utmost one can ask for in a fairy-tale is a beautiful handling of impossible conventions. Here is an ugly handling—but the conventions are the same. The inventor of Tarzan has combined a number of them which never fail of their appeal. Mowgli, John Ridd, Fauntleroy—such are his literary prototypes. Tarzan was reared by apes, and has superhuman strength, and is an English lord to boot. He has also certain deadly human enemies of suitably foreign extraction, Russians

with beards and with villanous intentions which Tarzan foils and foils again. In this book they abduct him and carry him off to a desert island, where he promptly makes himself master of the jungle, and in due season, after a sufficiency of harmlessly horrible adventures, fetches back to civilization in triumph. We note that their contriver is careful not to kill off his villains, and we suspect that they will be bobbing up again presently, with more devilish schemes for Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, to upset at his leisure.

The Oakleyites. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co.

"You mean you write pot-boilers."

"Exactly. And they boil the pots very nicely. Now don't be banal, and tell me that to write pot-boilers spoils your talent, if you happen to have any. It does nothing of the kind. It merely keeps your pen in practice for the happy day, should it ever arrive, when you have something authentic, something of your own to say. It is only the people who can't get any money for their books or their pictures who say genius is never recognized. Nowadays it is always recognized, often when it is not there at all. You and I know heaps of people who keep an incessant lookout for it day and night. The mistake they make is to attribute genius to those who haven't got it, not to fail to attribute it to those who have. How many little tradesmen in book-making like myself are continually told that they have produced works of genius? You can't take up a paper with reviews in it without finding a Thackeray or two. Poor little devils! I'm afraid they get to believe it themselves. And they become pompous little asses."

So says Mr. Benson's modest hero, speaking, we may fairly surmise, for Mr. Benson himself. The author of "Dodo" has, perhaps, never found anything deeply authentic to say, but he has not been misled into pomposity by that over-praise of which he has had his share. As a whole, the present story cannot be taken as a very favorable example of his work. It is an unblended compound of village comedy and of a romance which is serious at least in the sense of not turning out happily. Oakley is a sort of modern Cranford, in which the leading figures are women of old-fashioned types, which Mr. Benson handles without much subtlety. For example, the three sisters, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Watson, and Mrs. Tobin, are very broadly humorous characters—a comic vegetarian, a comic Christian Scientist, and a comic student of Yogi philosophy (which the Scientist and the vegetarian declare is "only fit for Indian heathens and probably accounts for their colour"). And they have a father, a comic old man. "It makes me downright wicked," he protests, "to hear Jane (Scientist) talk about God just as if she was His aunt, with one eye on the Chippendale cabinet all the time." The old father is a collector, and the cranky daughters all have at least one eye on his treasures while he lives, and quarrel over them openly when he dies. Crowded in among these almost farcical episodes and figures, the love-story has rather a

hard time of it, especially as the author tries to make it a tragic business. Dorothy Jackson is the most lovable person in Oakley, a girl of charm and comeliness who is almost an old maid, and laments it, when the popular novelist comes to town. They love each other, but he is temporarily fascinated by her sister, one of those flighty, selfish creatures whom Mr. Benson knows how to depict; and when he comes to his senses, Dorothy is already far gone in consumption. All this seems gratuitous, and sadly out of key with the lighter themes to which so much of the book is cheerfully abandoned.

Father Payne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Father Payne was a unique patron of literature. He maintained at his own expense a little community of young writers, providing work-time and recreation, solitude and stimulating companionship, leisure and the necessity for industry, in what he deemed the exactly proper proportions. Over this training school for authors Father Payne ruled like a beneficent despot, keeping peace and exacting artistic returns with a firm hand. He dearly loved a growing talent, and would spare no pains to cultivate it; therefore, he held its natural custodian to the stricter account. He had himself a real genius for fostering this variety of talent by criticism that was both genial and uncompromising, and likewise by the philosophic influences which he radiated. It is not the story of Father Payne's life that his anonymous pupil purports to give, though the biographical outline is indicated, but rather the interpretation of a personal philosophy. It takes the form of the ancient didactic dialogue—the master discoursing at length upon the topic in hand—ambiguity, consistency, loneliness, and many another—and a disciple from time to time interpolating the needed pertinent query or objection. It reads (as the publishers have not failed to point out) exactly like a series of essays by A. C. Benson. The reader finds himself insensibly transported into a world apart, a place of muted emotions, where the one real problem is how to support the tedium of existence, and a little predigested stoicism serves for that. Hearing the young writer's abnormal needs justified by the mouth of his ideal friend and teacher, who can forbear a smile?

The difficulty is to know what a writer is to do in the interval between his books and the hours in which he is not writing. . . . He can't, as a rule, do much in the way of hard exercise . . . it leaves the brain torpid and stagnant. . . . He can't afford to read very much—at least, he can't afford to read authors whom he admires, because they affect his style. There is something horribly contagious about style. . . . A writer, as a rule, while he is writing, can't even afford to talk very much to interesting people, because talking is hard work, too.

Yet it is a kindly world, and not devoid of mirth. One delightful chapter relates the visit of the critic whose aristocracy of taste

transcended any possible performance. "It must be an awful curse," said Father Payne afterwards, in all sympathy, "to see the inferiority of everything so clearly."

Emmeline. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This is a story for the little girl whose grandmother wore pigtailed and pantalets during Civil War days. It tells what a fifteen-year-old Emmeline saw of the battle of Gettysburg from a farmhouse uncomfortably near to Seminary Ridge. Uncompromisingly loyal as a little northern Pennsylvanian should be, Emmeline had never entertained any sentiment but outspoken hatred for the "Rebels." Somehow her animosity did not survive the three bloody days when the farmhouse became a Confederate field hospital. In the face of so much hunger and suffering it would have taken a harder heart than hers to cherish an antipathy, especially in one as proud of her womanly capabilities as was Emmeline. It is a prettily told tale of the sort that is written by a generation to whom the grimness of hostility is known only through tradition.

John Bogardus. By George Agnew Chamberlain. New York: The Century Co.

At the end of the book the hero enters upon his vocation of teaching with these classroom words: "Gentlemen, . . . I am an apostle." Whereupon all the persuasive things that earlier in the story his father said in praise of poker recur vividly. The great game of bluff! How we Americans love it, whether played with pack and chips or with pen and ink. Woe to the author who omits to strike a fine moral attitude or end on a high ethical note. Woe to the literary craftsman who is content to cut his garment according to his cloth without appending any ritualistic fringes.

Mr. Chamberlain may have had in mind to illustrate how a youth with a tolerably complete Continental education might fare in acquiring a comprehensive understanding of Anglo-Saxon womanhood. The individual surprises and revelations and the peculiarly personal hold that each of four well-selected damsels exerted on his heart-strings, need not be retold here. It is sufficient to say that answering to their demands was a liberal course in the humanities, since one required a temporary father, another a tireless slave, a third a reverent worshipper, and the last a passionate lover. But Mr. Chamberlain is too astute a purveyor of his literary wares to serve this up in the guise of a sentimental education. He supplements it with plenty of manly adventure, administering with an expert hand the lively sensations of wandering all over the map and encountering, in circumstances romantically divested of the sordid elements of every-day life, all sorts of amusing and likable people, from the child-like university professor who was John's father to the African exile, Muno-Muno, who proved an

able house-boy in a New Jersey seaside cottage. Also he astutely drops the assurance now and again that all this is but our hero's preparation for services—or words to that effect. Just how his exhaustive study of the Romance languages plus his vagabondage by land and sea had fitted him to write profoundly wise and moving essays on "The New Crucifixion" at the opening of the great war, it were perhaps best not to inquire too closely. The hero of almost any novel nowadays is likely to break into print—and to almost any extent. To ask greater proof of John's qualifications to fill a "social chair" than his unfailing chivalry in sentimental dilemmas, and his fairy-tales of Pot and Tot which we are permitted to sample, were but to exhibit the full measure of our own disobligingness. We have no hesitation in concluding that Mr. Chamberlain has deserved well of his public.

The Hunted Woman. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

It was always well understood between the authors and readers of wild Western fiction that a mining town was no place for a lady without an escort. The same premise has been adopted for this tale of desperate doings in the railway construction camps of the far Northwest. The fair Joanne who tempts fate by venturing among these savage scenes is, of course, promptly provided with a competent cavalier. He appears in the person of one John Aldous, a popular author, who lives in the wilds in order to write about them, and in whom the virtues of civilization and the frontier unite. Thanks to John, Joanne escapes both the bad man who pursues her and the still more deadly bad man whom she unwittingly pursues. It is while imprisoned in the air-chamber of a blasting tunnel, with ten tons of dynamite due to be touched off at any moment under their feet, that John and Joanne plight their troth, and their wedding journey is a two-hundred-mile "hike" into the northern mountains with a party of rival bonanza-seekers on the trail to enliven an otherwise lonely trip by plenty of gun-play.

The Honey Pot. By the Countess Barcynska. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The effect of a stage career on feminine morals is here depicted with ostensible intent to alarm. The best of actresses—morally as well as artistically—live with men they can't marry. It's the life that is to blame, not the women who lead it. The London chorus girl's existence (we read) is one long temptation. Take the hard case of a truly virtuous beginner. If she is lucky enough to find a landlady who won't filch her half-herring left from breakfast before supper-time, two to one she is out of work. Should she have a job, she is sure to lack a wardrobe. And lacking a wardrobe, she is bound to have the deficiency and the means by which she is expected to supply it peremptorily pointed out to her by a Mephistophelian manager. What won-

der that an exuberant, warmhearted Maggie, with a real weakness for being tyrannized over, succumbed early in the game to a domineering Woolf, or that a lady-like and inexperienced Alexandra was brought to the point of accepting an agreeable admirer's proposal without realizing till afterwards that his intentions were entirely honorable. Since Maggie's salvation by marriage is also carefully arranged for, it might seem that the force of the awful warning was a little deadened by these happy conclusions. The truth is that the author is less concerned with her message to the stage-stricken than with the delineation of Maggie, the British ingénue, whose ebullitions have something of that divertingly insular quality which Mr. Shaw has endeared to American playgoers. Certainly, with the art of the theatre she is not concerned at all.

AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

The Life of Sir Philip Sidney. By Malcolm William Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.25.

The greatest critic who has ever dealt with the life and work of Sidney has remarked that "as we now can know him from his deeds and words, he is not an eminently engaging or profoundly interesting personage." On the other hand, to his contemporaries he was the "president of noblesse and of chivalry," a living incarnation of the ideal which Castiglione had portrayed in "The Courtier," still further ennobled by religious feeling—an ardent and steady devotion to the pure Reformed faith. Obviously, the exceptional position which by general consent was awarded to Sidney in his own age must have been due to those qualities of personality which vanish with the man, and accordingly no biographer may hope to re-create for us the charm of this most typical figure of the English Renaissance. The present biography, however, is a thoroughly competent piece of work, and may confidently be accepted as the best authority on Sidney's life. Unlike most books on the subject, Fox-Bourne's "Memoir" excepted, it is based on a first-hand examination of all the sources of information. To be sure, the author devotes little space to the purely literary criticism of the works, and even less to the general intellectual background of the age. His book is mainly a straightforward, business-like narrative of Sidney's career. Ample consideration, however, is given to the political setting—the powerful family influences which so largely determined the course of Sidney's life, the nightmare of Irish misrule in which his father was involved, the tortuous and interminable negotiations concerning the French marriage, the political and religious conflict on the Continent to which ultimately Sidney himself fell a victim.

It was not to be expected, of course, that any new biographical material of significance should have been brought to light or

that the current conceptions of Sidney's character should be modified in any considerable degree by his latest biographer. Although he was the paragon of his age in its most distinctive excellences, he was not free, as is well known, from glaring faults—in a large measure, to be sure, the faults of his class. First among these failings was his mad extravagance. At his death he left debts that ran up to thrice the value of his estate, and the quixotic effort of his father-in-law, Walsingham, to clear off these obligations brought about his own financial ruin. Moreover, he could be arrogant and hot-headed enough on occasion. Like most paragons, also, he was inclined to take himself too seriously. One might add to this list of defects of character certain intellectual limitations—limitations, mainly, of the ideal of chivalry which he fulfilled. As Mr. Wallace observes, there is no reason to believe that Sidney "had been seriously touched by the philosophic and scientific stirrings of his time." Indeed, the only philosophical conception of the Renaissance which seems to have had a real hold on him was one that was closely allied, both by nature and origin, to the doctrines of the older chivalry—namely, the conception of love which had grown out of the Platonic theory of the relations of Love and Beauty. In the face, however, of his great virtues and achievements, one is little disposed to dwell on the deficiencies which have just been enumerated. And, besides, in reading Sidney's biography it is not only his death that arouses one's sense of pathos. His "unfulfilled renown" was not due merely to his early death. As was natural for a man of his rank in that age, his ambitions were mainly directed to public affairs, but, owing to Elizabeth's indifference or even dislike, his life was, up to the time of his departure for the Netherlands, for the most part, one of enforced idleness. We find accordingly almost his whole career colored with dissatisfaction, and his bitterness and melancholy increase with his years. Even the most faithful and unselfish services were of no avail with the Virgin Queen. Ingratitude was the rule of her life.

Perhaps the most notable addition which Mr. Wallace has been able to make to the biographical material of his subject is the record of Sidney's expenses for the greater part of a year, while he was a schoolboy at Shrewsbury. In default of something better, even such data are acceptable. These accounts were kept by Thomas Marshall, a servant under whose supervision he was left at that place, and the manuscript is still preserved at Penshurst. The most interesting details in these accounts relate to Sidney's visit to Kenilworth and Oxford on the occasion of the Queen's famous visit to the University in August and September, 1566. We have here, among other things, an exact list of the articles of apparel which the Earl of Leicester bestowed upon his nephew in order that he might make a fitting appearance before Elizabeth. On the subject of Sidney's university education, the

author presents what seems to be conclusive evidence that he attended Cambridge, though for a briefer period, as well as Oxford. He clears up also certain other obscurities in Sidney's earlier career—e. g., the affair of his supposed candidature for the Polish throne, which is here rejected as a myth—furthermore, the negotiations which were afoot in 1577 and the following year for his marriage with some lady of high rank. A report of Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador at London, to the King of Spain, on April 12, 1578, shows that the lady in question was the sister of William of Orange, and that her famous brother entered very willingly into the project, for political, doubtless, as well as personal reasons. As regards the "Astrophel and Stella" problem, Mr. Wallace argues convincingly, it seems to us, that the famous sonnet sequence is the authentic record of a genuine passion. But it was only after Stella was definitely lost to him, when against her will she had been compelled to marry Lord Rich, that this passion was thoroughly awakened. In view of her subsequent career, however, it strikes one as rather singular that Mr. Wallace should credit her with so much virtue in her attitude towards Sidney. "With instinctive wisdom," he says, "she seems to have known from the beginning that their affection for each other in the world in which they lived could not be ultimately good nor even bring to them lasting happiness." Certainly such high-minded principles of self-restraint had little influence with her when she became the mistress of the future Lord Mountjoy. Altogether, being the woman that she was, it is hard to believe that, having confessed to Sidney her love for him, she remained true to her marriage vows, especially when one recalls how odious all the circumstances of this marriage from its inception were to her.

The chapter on the "Arcadia" and the "Apologie for Poetrie" offers only a few details that are new. From one of the Harleian MSS. of the British Museum, "Directions for Speech and Style," by John Hoskins, a personal friend of Sidney's, the author is able to identify satisfactorily the "H. S." who composed the prefatory address to the second edition of the "Arcadia" as Henry Sandford, secretary to the Earl of Pembroke. It is interesting, also, to observe that Hoskins anticipates modern scholarship in stating accurately the sources of Sidney's romance. "For the web (as it were) of his story," he remarks, "he followed three—Heliodorus in Greek, Sanazarius' Arcadia in Italian, and Diana de Montemaior in Spanish." To be sure, Sidney was a poor Grecian, and it is safe to say that he read Heliodorus only in Underdown's translation. Mr. Wallace, however, does not go into these matters. He does not even comment on the radical changes of structure which the revised "Arcadia" shows as compared with the work in its earlier form, as it is preserved in the manuscripts which were unearthed a few years ago by the late Bertram Dobell.

The "Arcadia," however, is so important in Sidney's production that some such comment is surely called for.

FRENCH BOOKS IN WAR-TIME.

French Novelists of To-day. By Winifred Stephens. With Portraits and Bibliographies. Second series. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50.

L'Abbaye des Dunes. Par Marguerite Baulu. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.

L'Etang de Berre. Par Charles Maurras. Paris: Champion. 5 francs.

Contre les Barbares. Par Paul Margueritte. Paris: Flammarion. 3.50 francs.

Au-dessus de la Mêlée. Par Romain Rolland. Paris: Ollendorff.

Pendant l'orage. Par Remy de Gourmont. Paris: Champion. 5 francs.

Winifred Stephens gives us a second series of what she calls "a symposium of French novelists." You do not criticise your hostess's list of guests and her second deprecating reason for her choice may be valid: "These novelists have been chosen because in their works are reflected most clearly the various tendencies of life and thought in France in the years which immediately preceded the war."

Foreign curiosity attaches itself rather to novelists who are most talked of and cares as little for tendencies of real life as does literature. It is a great deal that books like this should be written, giving easy notions about a few very late French novelists. Their usefulness is enhanced by a complete index of names, including "Empedocles," for a chance comparison with Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe" (who is enumerated as a separate novelist on the publisher's cover). Eighty out of the 300 pages of the volume are devoted to this writer, and they constitute a favorable example of the book's treatment of its subjects.

Miss Stephens seems not to realize the limited place held in French thought by Romain Rolland, a place not corresponding with the renown made for him abroad. Yet she insists:

Un-French as he is in so many ways, it is not surprising to find M. Rolland confessing that often in the presence of his countrymen there comes over him a feeling of aloofness as if he belonged to some foreign race. . . . He, like his Jean-Christophe, has a European mind.

Only a portion of "the young" generation now passing, if not past, shows his imprint. The foreigner, Tolstoy, in slovenly translations, won from the start a more numerous and substantial public. Even before the war, Romain Rolland had an Alpine, not to say Swiss, air to his countrymen. The ten or more "novels" in which he narrated chronologically the life and thought of Jean-Christophe did not purpose to "reflect," but were intended to create, certain tendencies in French life and thought. Since the war, in spite of his having been one of the first

to cry out "Huns" after Louvain and Rheims, he has been branded by a reaction which is younger than himself—*Romain Rolland contre la France*. His book defending his Olympian aloofness has not lightened the ostracism which is not likely to be remitted in our time. The very Prefect of Nancy under bombardment protests against this glacial height to which a Frenchman tries to climb above reach of his country's life-and-death struggle. For the most part, his literature reflected little that was French, but rather a German ideal; and of this Schiller noted long ago—"Monde wechseln und Geschlechter fliehen"—and its roses bloom "im ewigen Ruin." Romain Rolland's ideal tumbled before the first whiff of cannon.

Among the five other late French novelists considered, Marcelle Tinayre's "La Maison du Péché" does not receive its peculiar interest to English and American thought inherited from Calvinists; it shows the religion of Port Royal in France expiring in our own time. The Tharaud brothers, who perhaps are not making good their first promise when they reflected Kipling and Maurice Barrès, have also produced one work of lasting value—in history—"La Tragédie de Ravallac," Henry IV's assassin; like René Boylesve, they are French, as none can doubt, even to the tradition of religion. Boylesve's "La Jeune Fille bien élevée" will remain the most real picture of the provincial French girl of a generation ago; her married career, "Madeleine jeune femme," in its effort to portray her contact with a certain Paris set, is more limited and less real, except for the victory of her religious breeding. Pierre Mille is becoming known in England and America for a sort of French refined Mark Twainism rather than "persistence of the intellectualism of Voltaire and Renan." Jean Aicard is an Academician-poet, but his novels are real and French, because redolent of the South—of the Camargo and "Maurin des Maures."

Miss Stephens's preliminary talk about "the French novel on the eve of the war" is, like the whole book, indeed, a haggis full of rich feeding. It is not germane to say how many times our breath is caught at some passing assertion about French literature and traditions, history and religion, and even metaphysics. Yet, in spite of our reserves, each helps to the main effect—the persuading of English readers that the variety and excellence of French novels is greater than was heretofore dreamed of in their philosophy.

"L'Abbaye des Dunes"—the second romance of a new writer, Marguerite Baulu—has a present interest apart from its picturesque, realistic, succulent manner, for this is applied to the description of the now very real people of the Flemish downs which have so long been under bombardment round about Furnes. "Scarce a quarter of a century ago, there was still on Belgian soil a narrow region intact wherein survived all the virtue of the Flemish country." Like all of the good stories, this ends with a happy marriage, that of the fishing-master with

a Cinderella servant under a Christmas-tree:

Easy henceforth shall be for him the governing of his sloops and harvests, of the fishermen and things in the near-by port. . . . Panicaut left the door of the great hall open and the hymns soared into the frosty night, while the tree's light, cutting across the shadows of the courtyard its pale, delicious way, came to illuminate the stable.

A series of volumes by known authors is a wreath for the grave of a young man of letters who sacrificed life and fame to his country in her need:

To the memory of Jean Pierre Barbier, fallen on the field of honor the 26th December, 1914—this book is published by his friends.

The first volume—"Sur la voie glorieuse," by Anatole France—has already been reviewed in the *Nation* (July 27, 1915), and has since appeared in an English edition; it is sold for the help of "the maimed of the war." A second volume—"Pendant l'orage" ("During the Storm"), by Remy de Gourmont—is sold for the good work of "war prisoners' clothing"; and a third—"L'Etang de Berre," by Charles Maurras—for the wounded of the 15th corps d'armée.

Remy de Gourmont has died and his leadership of a young, but not the youngest, generation of the *intellectuels* of France has been discussed amply from Paris to the antipodes. This memorial book is made up of paragraph articles written in failing health between October 9, 1914, and April 19, 1915. The last is his dying outlook on "The Rising Stream":

The stream rises, the stream of blood. The first *Bulletin des Ecrivains* appeared in the first days of November. Under the title, "Fallen on the Field of Honor," it noted seventeen names. . . . Within eight passing months, eighty writers, mostly young, have been harvested. Since civilized times, no literary generation had a like destiny. And we must not flatter ourselves that it is over. . . . They were poets and writers, creators of art and thought, who were yet but a flower scarce opened and have been and shall be mown down before being known even to themselves. Generations have lived and toiled and thought obscurely of this one in whom some day they should blossom—and behold, he has fallen just as life was opening before him. *Salvete flores martyrum*, as the old poet Prudentius said.

Charles Maurras is of a later, if not younger, generation, in full reaction before war began towards what it conceives to be the true, that is, the traditional, France. He is the dogmatist of a new Royalism which may well cast its shadow before without being a coming event. He is a man of letters in the inmost sense, and his book is pure literature of his native South. With it there is a point of attack on those who, like Huysmans, would have confiscated France from the Latin race for the North, more or less Teuton, or on those like Remy de Gourmont, who, before the fateful lesson came, deprecated the "patriotic plaything":

The means of spoiling this old planet are extremely limited, and we excel in little but spoiling the mind—as Ruskin and his school have proved, I believe more than abundantly.

Paul Margueritte, whose books past counting are sad rather than serious, has his own war-book, "Contre les Barbares (1914-1915)"—"to my son, Yves Paul, in memory of his grandfather, Gen. Margueritte, I dedicate this book for later." The General's brave death in 1870 is not forgotten in this revival of war on France by the same everlasting enemy.

THE "LITTLE BOOKS."

Mithraism. By W. J. Pythian-Adams. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 40 cents.

Mithraism had a long, interesting, and important career, but it is a dead religion. To all except specialists the only points of value in its consideration are, first, to note that it is dead because it was killed by Christianity, and then to ask why Christianity was able to kill it. Mr. Pythian-Adams has, however, chosen scarcely to touch on these points, and has confined himself to a careful enumeration of the main features of Mithraism, with very little reference to other related religions. The general resemblance to the *cultus* of Catholic Christianity is, indeed, pointed out, but is not sufficiently discussed.

Mr. Pythian-Adams has done well what he has tried to do. He is accurate, and writes in an agreeable manner, but it is difficult to see adequate excuse for his trying to do it at all. The details of Mithraism are important to the archæologist and to the specialist in the study of ancient religions; but the needs of these classes are admirably supplied by the writings of M. Franz Cumont, and no student will be well advised to regard Mr. Pythian-Adams's work either as a substitute for these magisterial books or even as an important supplement to them. The truth is that one of the most insidious and serious enemies to real intellectual progress in America and England is the constant production of "little books" which are not in any sense bad, but which have no real excuse for their existence. There is no reason for publishing a new book on the details of Mithraism until there really is much more to be said than is at present the case.

The only answer which Mr. Pythian-Adams gives to the question why Christianity conquered Mithraism is apparently contained in the statement that Mithraism failed "not because it was entirely bad, but because it was so nearly good." This sounds well; but does it mean anything? It seems to be that bastard kind of paradox which is really only the inaccurate expression of a platitude standing on its head. For the meaning is really not that Mithraism failed because it was so nearly good, but in spite of the fact that it was so nearly good—a statement which is blameless but uninformative. There is less excuse for dealing in this way with what is really the only point of interest to the general public, in that M. Cumont has indicated with an admirable tact and lightness of touch the real reasons

for the failure of Mithraism and the success of Christianity. Mithraism came into the Roman Empire already fully equipped with theology and ritual. It remained to the end an Oriental religion which had not put aside its Asiatic qualities. Christianity, on the other hand, though it had in some respects a similar message and shared many points in common with Mithraism, was elastic, and proved capable of adopting the current Græco-Roman forms of thought.

Similarly, when the position was reversed, and Christianity, already full grown and stiffened by the completed mixture of Jewish and Greek thought, endeavored to penetrate Persia, it failed to convert the Asiatic civilization from which Mithraism had originally emerged. It had become too Occidental and was unable any longer to think in harmony with Asiatic methods. Civilizations have their thoughts—their *Weltanschauungen*—as well as their languages; and religion, to be intelligent and intelligible, must make use of the thought as well as the language of the civilization which it desires to influence. Christianity succeeded in the Roman Empire because it fulfilled these conditions. It failed in Persia because it did not do so. The history of Mithraism is the exact reverse, but for similar reasons. Few facts are more important than these, not less for the practical teacher than for the student of the history of religions. For those who have eyes to see, the lesson is plain, and if Mr. Pythian-Adams would take up these hints of M. Cumont and work them out, with a fulness which the Belgian savant for obvious reasons was obliged to forego, he might produce a book which would belong to the history of thought instead of merely to the annals of publishing.

AN ORACULOUS PROFESSOR.

The Challenge of the Future: A Study in American Foreign Policy. By Roland G. Usher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75 net.

It must have been Professor Usher of whom Pope's lines were an unconscious prophecy:

Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate display.

In this latest effusion of his he goes his previous performances of the same kind several better. This volume leaves the known earth. It deals only with abstractions and phantasms. Economic forces, war, nations, sea-power, treaties, races, centuries pass through its pages like a ghostly procession. World-Powers are tossed about like jackstraws, yet neither the Powers nor the jackstraws seem real. Little in the book seems real. It is a sort of huge mental vacuum, in which the reader, gasping for breath, perceives the author also almost exhausted by his efforts to live in the inane. Professor Usher explains that he has provided his work with no "critical apparatus." He abjures authorities and scorns footnotes—except those in which he stops to assure you that he is not so flatly contradicting him-

self as might appear. He seems to feel that anything in the form of precise knowledge would interfere with that "logical structure" of his volume which is, he declares, its only justification.

That there is a discoverable ha'penny-worth of ideas in Professor Usher's intolerable deal of great swelling words of vanity, is not denied. He sees many perils about to overwhelm the United States, unless it embraces the one way of escape—an alliance with Great Britain. As he has previously asserted, out of his exclusive knowledge, the existence of a secret treaty between England and the United States, it might not be too unkind to say that he has written this book to prove that, if there is no such treaty, it ought to be invented. But it is not worth while to pursue his air-borne speculations in detail. It need only be said that this is a style of writing which ought not to be encouraged. The "Challenge of the Future" is a mass of assumptions, of unverified hypotheses, of undefined terms, put forward with an amazing air of forbidding any dog to bark while the author speaks. It is, in our opinion, the most tremendous banquet of east wind ever spread.

Spring Announcements

THE PUBLISHERS' OWN SELECTIONS OF OUTSTANDING VOLUMES OF THE SEASON.

With the idea of affording a synoptic view of the range and general tendencies of the output of American publishers for the spring season, the *Nation* has invited leading publishing houses to communicate a selection of what they regard as the outstanding works of their spring lists. The selection was limited to a maximum of six books, of which it was requested that not more than two should be fiction. It may be added that a few of the houses, which issue a large number of substantial books at this time of the year, have submitted merely suggestions, preferring to leave the actual choice to us.

Abingdon Press, The:

"The Civil Law and the Church," by Charles Z. Lincoln; "Hugh Graham: A Tale of the Pioneers," by Frank S. Townsend; "Biographical and Literary Studies," by Charles Joseph Little; "Francis Asbury, the Prophet of the Long Road," by Ezra Squier Tipple; "Six Fools," by Rollo F. Hurlburt; "China: An Interpretation," by Bishop J. W. Bashford.

American-Scandinavian Foundation:

"The Prose Edda of Snorri Sturluson," translated by Arthur G. Brodeur; "Modern Icelandic Plays," by Johan Sigurjons-son, translated by Henning Krohn Schanche.

Appleton & Company, D.:

"The Fall of a Nation," by Thomas Dixon; "Woodrow Wilson: The Man and his Work," by Henry Jones Ford; "City Planning," by John Nolen; "The Photo Play," by Hugo Münsterberg; "Mary 'Gusta,'" by Joseph C. Lincoln; "Plantation Songs," by Ruth McEnery Stuart.

Badger, Richard G.:

"Contributions to Psycho-Analysis," by

Dr. S. Ferenczi; "General Types of Superior Men," by C. L. Schwarz; "Nervous Children," by Dr. Beverley Tucker; "The Causation and Treatment of Psychopathic Diseases," by Dr. Boris Sidis; "Profiles," by Arthur Ketchum; "Professor Huskins," by Lettie M. Cummings.

Barnes Company, The A. S.:

"The Playground Book," by Harry Sperling; "More Song Games," by Kate Bremner; "The Second Folk Dance Book," by C. Ward Crampton; "Reaching the Children," by H. C. Krebs; "Songs of Childhood," by S. E. Dering.

Bartlett Publishing Company:

"The Son of Man" and "The Great Corridor," by Percival Wells; "Dom Quick Jota," by Tom Seavy.

Bobbs-Merrill Company, The:

"The Real Adventure," by Henry Kittell Webster; "The Seed of the Righteous," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins; "Ways to Lasting Peace," by David Starr Jordan; "American Public Health Protection," by Henry B. Hemenway; "The Irish Orators," by Claude Bowers; "Wordsworth, How to Know Him," by C. T. Winchester.

Century Company, The:

"America's Foreign Relations," by Willis Fletcher Johnson; "The Imperial Impulse," by Samuel P. Orth; "From Pillar to Post," by John Kendrick Bangs; "Present-Day China," by Gardner L. Harding; "Golden Lads," by Arthur Gleason; "Come Out of the Kitchen!" by Alice Duer Miller; "John Bogardus," by George Agnew Chamberlain.

Columbia University Press (Lemcke & Buechner):

"Our Chief Magistrate and His Powers," by William Howard Taft; "The Law and the Practice of Municipal Home Rule," by Howard Lee McBain; "Magna Carta and Other Addresses," by William D. Guthrie; "Shakspearian Studies," by Members of the Department of English and Comparative Literature in Columbia University; "The Observations of Professor Maturin," by Clyde Furst; "The Book of the Popes (Liber Pontificalis) to the Pontificate of Gregory I," translated with an Introduction by Louise Ropes Loomis.

Dodd, Mead & Company:

"The Life of the Caterpillar," by J. Henri Fabre, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos; "My Harvest," by Richard Whiteing; "Motherhood," by C. Gasquoine Hartley; "Feminism," by Mr. and Mrs. John Martin; "Mr. and Mrs. Pierce," by Cameron Mackenzie; "Twilight," by Frank Danby.

Doran Company, George H.:

"Fear God and Take Your Own Part," by Theodore Roosevelt; "The Red Horizon," by Patrick MacGill; "My Home in the Field of Honour," by Frances Wilson Huard; "Theism and Humanism," by Arthur James Balfour; "Today and Tomorrow," by Charles Hanson Towne; "Three Sons and a Mother," by Gilbert Cannan; "The Immortal Gymnasts," by Marie Cher.

Doubleday, Page & Company:

"Within the Tides," by Joseph Conrad; "Life and Gabriella," by Ellen Glasgow; "Victory in Defeat," by Stanley Washburn; "We," by Gerald Stanley Lee; "An Autobiography," by Dr. E. L. Trudeau; "Work and Play Library"—eleven volumes.

Duffield & Company:

"Russian and Nomad," by E. Nelson Fell; "The Ocean and Its Mysteries," by A. Hyatt Verrill; "Felicity Crofton," by Marguerite Bryant; "Makar's Dream and Other Stories," by Vladimir Korolenko, translated from the Russian by Marian Fell; "The Geranium Lady," by Sylvia Chatfield Bates; "Songs of the Fields," by Francis Ledwidge.

Dutton & Company, E. P.:

"Memories," by Lord Redesdale; "Infancy and Childhood," by Walter Reeve Ramsey; "The Honey Pot," by the Countess Barcynska; "The Master Detective," by Percy James Brebner; "The New Golf," by P. A. Vaile; "Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs," by Emerson Taylor; "A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants," by O. L. Hatcher.

Elder & Company, Paul:

"The Soul of Woman," by Paul Jordan Smith; "The San Diego Garden Fair," by Eugen Neuhaus; "Catalogue de Luxe of the Department of Fine Arts of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition," edited by Trask and Laurvik; "The Child Andrea," by Karin Michaëlis, translated by J. Nilsen Laurvik; "Rajani—The Song of the Stars and Other Poems," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji; "The Power of Mental Demand," by Herbert Edward Law, new edition.

Ginn & Company:

"A Guidebook to Biblical Literature," by John F. Genung; "Occupations: A Textbook in Vocational Guidance," by Enoch B. Gowin and William A. Wheatley; "The New Hudson Shakespeare"; "Outlines of English Literature," by William J. Long; "A General History of Commerce," by W. C. Webster, revised edition; "Readings in Social Problems," by Alfred B. Wolfe.

Gomme, Laurence J.:

"Victory and Other Songs of Triumph," by Charles Keeler; "Verses," by H. Belloc.

Harper & Brothers:

"The Globe Theater Shakespeare," edited by Daniel Homer Rich; "Principles of Labor Legislation," by John R. Commons and John B. Andrews; "Memorial Day Pageant," by C. D. Mackay.

Holt & Company, Henry:

"The Spinster," by Sarah N. Cleghorn; "The Real Motive," by Dorothy Canfield; "Chicago Poems," by Carl Sandburg; "Patience Worth," by Casper S. Yost; "Alcohol and Society," by John Koren; "Bergson and Religion," by Lucius Hopkins Miller.

Houghton Mifflin Co.:

"Just David," by Eleanor H. Porter; "The Proof of the Pudding," by Meredith Nicholson; "The Challenge of the Future," by Roland G. Usher; "The First Hundred Thousand," by Ian Hay; "Counter-Currents," by Agnes Repplier; "The Life of William McKinley," by Charles S. Olcott; "The Life of Julia Ward Howe," by Laura E. Richards and Maud H. Elliott.

Lane Company, John:

"Viviette," by William J. Locke; "The Man of Promise," by Willard Huntington Wright; "Sea and Bay," by Charles Wharton Stork; "Impressions of the Art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition," by Christian Brinton; "The Crimes of Eng-

land," by Gilbert K. Chesterton; "Essays and Literary Studies," by Stephen Leacock.

La Salle Extension University:

"Financing a Business," by Elmer H. Youngman; "Advertising," by E. H. Kastor; "Retail Merchandising," by Paul Neystrom; "Principles of Accounting," by Stephen Gilman; "Office Organization and Management," by C. C. Parsons.

Lippincott Company, J. B.:

"Nights," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; "Fundamentals of Military Service," by Capt. Lincoln C. Andrews; "Petrograd: Past and Present," by William Barnes Stevni; "A Thousand Years of Russian History," by Sonia E. Howe; "The Rise of Rail Power in War and Conquest," by E. H. Pratt; "Behold the Woman!" by T. Everett Harré; "The Conquest," by Sidney L. Nyburg.

McClurg & Company, A. C.:

"Happy Valley," by Anne Shannon Monroe; "Other Things Being Equal," by Emma Wolf; "The Making of Modern Germany," by Ferdinand Schevill; "Cicero: A Sketch of His Life and Works," by Hannis Taylor; "A Manual of the Common Invertebrate Animals," by Henry Sherring Pratt; "The Mother and Her Child," by William S. and Lena K. Sadler.

Macmillan Company, The:

"The Rudder," by Mary S. Watts; "The Belfry," by May Sinclair; "Good Friday," by John Masefield; "The Science of Musical Sounds," by Dayton C. Miller; "The Gospel of Good Will," by William de Witt Hyde; "Battle and Other Poems," by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

Moffat, Yard & Company:

"The Carnival of Destiny," by Vance Thompson; "Mother in Verse and Prose," compiled by Susan Tracy Rice; "Shakespeare's England," by William Winter; "Psychology of the Unconscious," by Dr. C. G. Jung, authorized translation by Beatrice M. Hinkle.

Open Court Publishing Company, The:

"Germany Misjudged," by Roland Hugins; "Justice in War Time," by Bertrand Russell; "Belgium and Germany," by Dr. J. H. Labberton, translated by W. E. Leonard; "Carlyle and the War," by Marshall Kelly; "Above the Battles," by Romain Rolland; "Neutrality," by S. Ivor Stephen.

Page Company, The:

"Six Star Ranch," by Eleanor Porter; "Sylvia of the Hill Top," by Margaret R. Piper; "Blue Bonnet Keeps House," by Caroline E. Jacobs and Lela Horn Richards; "Arizona, the Wonderland," by George Wharton James; "Texas the Marvelous," by Nevin O. Winter; "The Spell of Egypt," by Archie Bell.

Putnam's Sons, G. P.:

"Bars of Iron," by E. M. Dell; "Star of the North," by Francis W. Sullivan; "Father Payne," anonymous; "The Development of the European Nations, 1870-1914," by J. Holland Rose; "The Renaissance," by L. Batiffol; "War, Peace, and the Future," by Ellen Key.

Rand, McNally & Company:

"About Miss Mattie Morningglory," by Lilian Bell; "I Conquered," by Harold Titus; "The Land of Don't-Want-To," by Lilian Bell; "Adventures of Sonny Bear,"

by Frances Margaret Fox; "Beauty a Duty," by Susanna Cocroft; "Business of Government: Municipal," by Frank M. Sparks.

Revell Company, Fleming H.:

"Bohemia Under Hapsburg Misrule," by Thomas Capek; "John Hus, the Martyr of Bohemia," by W. N. Schwarze; "Web of Steel," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "The Confessions of a Hyphenated American," by Edward A. Steiner; "Billy Topsail, M.D.," by Norman Duncan.

Sherman, French & Company:

"Echo," by N. Noyes; "Wild Apples," by Mrs. J. R. Foster; "Eve," second edition, and "The Little God," both by Katharine Howard.

Small, Maynard & Company:

"April Airs," by Bliss Carman; "From Doomsday to Kingdom Come," by Seymour Deming; "Trial by Fire," by Richard Matthews Hallet; "One More Chance," by Lewis E. MacBrayne and James P. Ramsay; "The Best Short Stories of 1915," edited by Edward J. O'Brien; "The Accolade," by Ethel Sidgwick.

Stokes Company, Frederick A.:

"The Whirligig of Time," by Wayland Wells Williams; "Indian Thought, Past and Present," by R. W. Frazer; "The Spirit of the Soil," by Gordon D. Knox; "The Book of Italy," by Raffaello Piccoli; "American Trout Stream Insects," by Louis Rhead.

University of California Press:

"Joseph Galvez, Visitor-General of New Spain," by Herbert I. Priestley.

University of Chicago Press:

"Gothic Architecture in France, England and Italy," by Sir Thomas Graham Jackson; "Essays in Experimental Logic," by John Dewey; "American Prose," by Walter C. Bronson; "The Story of the New Testament," by Edgar Johnson Goodspeed; "The Nullification Controversy in South Carolina," by Clarence S. Boucher; "Principles of Money and Banking," edited by Harold G. Moulton.

Wiley & Sons, John:

"The Planning of the Modern City," by Nelson P. Lewis; "The Canning of Fruits and Vegetables," by Justo P. Zavalla; "Seeding and Planting," by J. W. Toumey; "Lectures of Ten British Mathematicians of the Nineteenth Century," by Alexander Macfarlane.

Wilson Company, The H. W.:

"Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, 1910-1914"; a volume on Bookbinding, by Arthur L. Bailey; Addresses, by John Cotton Dana; "National Defence," being Vol. II of Debater's Handbook series; "Handbook of the European War."

Winston Company, The John C.:

"Successful Farming," by Frank D. Gardner; "Anthracite," by Scott Nearing; "The Mary Frances Garden Book," by Jane Eayre Fryer; "The Biblical Life of Christ," by Rev. S. Townsend Weaver; "The New Universal Self-Pronouncing Dictionary," Graphic edition.

Yale University Press:

"A Census of Shakespeare Quartos," by Henrietta Bartlett and Alfred W. Pollard; "The Port of Boston," by Edwin J. Clapp; "The Diplomatic Background of the War, Germany and Europe, 1870-1914," by Chas. Seymour; "English and American Tool Builders," by Joseph Wickham Roe.

Drama

"A KING OF NOWHERE."

A romantic comedy, with the scene laid at the court of Henry VIII, possessing smart lines faintly reflective of "If I Were King," and evidently built up with the intention of setting off to advantage the special qualifications of Lou-Tellegen, such in brief is the nature of "A King of Nowhere," which is now running at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. Although giving the impression of being made to order, the play has some really amusing moments, and for the character of Henry VIII an actor has been procured in the person of Sydney Greenstreet who deserves much credit. He nicely blended irritability and joviality, getting the full effect from the lines given him. Indeed, the audience was clearly more entertained by him than by the real hero, in whose case the mistake was made of placing him upon a purely heroic level with no intermixture of humor, or even of the whimsical. The part grew wearisome before the play was half over.

Nor was the plot clever enough to hold the attention. A Celtic "king" is captured, and, though the "heart interest"—he is beloved by one of Queen Catherine's ladies-in-waiting—requires that in some fashion he keep his head on his shoulders, one expected freer play of the magic he possesses than what was actually exhibited. The climax itself is not inadequate. For it is plausible that Henry should spare the life of a man who can dispel the haunting voices of the beheaded wives when even the court fool is helpless to do so. The play is a trifle which will not advance Lou-Tellegen's reputation as an actor. F.

"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION"

Miss Grace George has rounded out her season of repertory at the Playhouse by producing as her fifth selection Bernard Shaw's extravaganza "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." This, with the preceding numbers, "The New York Idea," "The Liars," "Major Barbara," and "The Earth," represents a creditable and successful attempt by Miss George to furnish New York with entertaining plays acted with the distinction which only the discipline of a stock company could contribute. Miss George has wisely drawn upon outside talent when the occasion demanded—in the present instance she has been fortunate to procure the services of Robert Warwick and Lewis Edgard—but has never in so doing allowed the spirit of the company to be impaired. The success which she has won this season gives color to the hope that respectable acting throughout an entire cast is still a consummation which theatre-goers delight to see.

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is not new to the American stage, and its plot need not therefore be rehearsed. Written in the nineties for Ellen Terry, it was played by her in this country about ten years ago. It may be admitted at once that Grace George's performance of the English lady who relies upon her charm to subdue to her wishes both lord and barbarian was very different from Ellen Terry's. To that extent it was probably not in accordance with the author's intentions. Yet it in all likelihood gave almost as much pleasure to her audience, who, after all, judged of feminine charm by American exemplars.

Miss George put into the part much vivacity, as well as the small woman's trust in her own physical helplessness. She is to be congratulated on the fact that through a very successful season she has developed no mannerisms.

Ernest Lawford, as Sir Howard Hallam, rather bettered the high level of acting which he had exhibited heretofore. As the hanging judge, suddenly transferred to a wild locality in which he is at the mercy of the sort of rascals over whom he has been accustomed to sit, he brought out both the essential dignity of the character and the rare whimsicality of his present position. In Felix Drinkwater, former habitué of London gutters who lives by his wits and is happy in the thought that, as he has come of no family, so he has never disgraced a proud name, Mr. Shaw has created a personage whose special genius of humor and perfidy serves as an excellent go-between for the two groups of aristocrats and pirates. The part was played with admirable flourish and sangfroid by Lewis Edgard.

A word of special praise is owing to Robert Warwick for his impersonation of the title-rôle. A brave figure of a man, with voice deep and resonant, he not only exhibited the prime qualifications of the part, but displayed its contrasts with considerable subtlety. In the last act, where he all but succumbs entirely to the charm of Lady Cecily, he gave as finished a performance of strong but restrained passion as has been seen in many a day. F.

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."

The praiseworthy ambition to write a comic opera like Gilbert and Sullivan's is one that has fired the imagination of countless undergraduates. Perhaps fortunately, few of the callow compositions that result get further than the stage of frequent grave confabulations between, or more generally among, the collaborators and the recital to approving audiences of lyrics abounding in polysyllabic rhymes. The present production which Miss Elisabeth Marbury presents at Maxine Elliott's Theatre and which was written by two Yale men, T. Lawrason Riggs and Cole Porter, serves as an exception to the general rule, in that it has won its way to a stage presentation with all the appurtenances of a remarkably good-looking chorus, appropriate setting, and charming costuming which might assist it to success. And in point of fact it requires but little to change it from a creditable but amateurish effort into a real professionally made comic opera. That little is the wit of Gilbert and the musical genius of Sullivan. The lyrics are very far above the average that one hears in the usual musical comedy, and the fact that they follow closely the Gilbertian model is in no way against them, since Gilbert is, at all events, an excellent person to imitate. But it is one thing to imitate Gilbert's lyrics and another to echo his satire. In the latter respect the authors give only a very pallid reflection of their model, although their initial idea—a school where the daughters of wealthy parents follow the "back-to-nature" prescription—is one that, like the æsthetic academy in "Patience," might have lent itself to effective satire. The result is that for humor, or rather for laughs, the piece has to depend on the vaudevillian efforts of Felix Adler, as Chief Blood-in-his-Eye, which consort very ill indeed with the general plan of the performance.

The work of the principals is well done. Miss Dorothe Bigelow is dainty and self-possessed as Polly Huggins, and John H. Goldsworthy is likable as well as personable as the Duke of Pendragon. Clifton Webb is an effective younger son (it should be mentioned that the male members of the chorus are younger sons of British peers masquerading as cowboys), and he and Miss Jeanne Cartier do some attractive dancing. Of the production as a whole one can at any rate say that it is a good deal more entertaining than many musical shows, less refined and more ambitious, that come to Broadway. S. W.

Music

FRANK COMMENTS ON THE OPERA SEASON.

The Metropolitan Opera Company is now in Boston, where it will remain three weeks. It will then visit Atlanta for seven performances, and there end its season. No one can say that the singers and players making up this vast organization have been idle. At the Metropolitan Opera House they gave 128 performances of thirty-four different operas between November 15 and April 1. During this time, also, Brooklyn was visited ten times and Philadelphia fourteen times. Adding to these the twenty-five performances in Boston and the seven in Atlanta, we have a total of 184. Of the operas sung, eight were by Italian, six by German, three by French, two by Russian composers, and one by a Spaniard—the late Enrique Granados, who, after enjoying the first real triumph of his life, was one of the victims, it is believed, of the Sussex disaster. His opera, "Goyescas," notwithstanding a very inadequate performance, was heard five times by large audiences, and there is reason to think that, with a better cast and conductor, it could be made a success for several more years.

The only other novelty of the season was Borodin's "Prince Igor," which is not likely to be retained in the repertory. Its one attractive feature is a colorful, barbaric ballet; the plot is stupid, the music commonplace. Of far greater interest and importance was the revival of Saint-Saëns's masterwork, "Samson et Dalila." Its financial as well as artistic success will, it is hoped, induce the management to stage, next season, the same composer's "Henri VIII," which would also have been particularly timely this year as a contribution to the Shakespeare tercentenary. The opera chosen for this, Götz's "Taming of the Shrew," was given only twice, and for good reasons. It is a mediocre work of a kind that appeals only to Teutonic taste.

The unwise choice of this work is supposed to be due to the Metropolitan's new German conductor, Arthur Bodanzky, who hails from Mannheim, where Götz's opera was first heard. As a conductor of Wagner, Mr. Bodanzky won wide, though not universal, approval. He is deficient in dramatic passion, and as a climax-builder he falls

below his predecessors. In one respect he carries out Wagner's principles better than any one since Anton Seidl: like Seidl, whom Wagner himself considered the best of all interpreters of his works, he subordinates the orchestra to the singers, enabling them to dispense with shouting and to enunciate the words understandably. The new Italian conductor, Mr. Bavagnoli, proved to be mediocre, and the task of maintaining a high level in the Italian and French opera fell upon Mr. Polacco, who bore his burden very well and added much to his repute. As an interpreter of Puccini and Verdi he is quite on a level with Mr. Toscanini, while his "Carmen" and "Samson et Dalila" were no less masterful and authoritative. If Toscanini, who left in a huff (apparently because he wanted to conduct more of the Wagnerian operas than he was allowed to), should refuse to return, no one need worry. He did, indeed, reach dizzy heights of excellence in some of the operas conducted by him; but this was due largely to the fact that he was able to obtain numberless rehearsals for these works, which resulted in a fine ensemble, for which he justly received praise; but with the same number of rehearsals his colleagues might have done as well. The result of his policy was that not a few of the operas, owing to insufficient time, had to be produced insufficiently rehearsed. In Milan, where only half-a-dozen or so operas are produced each season, this method works well; in New York, where nearly three dozen operas are called for, it is out of place. Toscanini's activity redounded more to his own glory than to that of the repertory as a whole.

The Metropolitan's orchestra is one of the best three in the country, and the industry of these players, who are sometimes at work eight hours in one day without audible signs of fatigue, is as remarkable as their skill in doing justice to works of so many different schools. The scenic department, also, leaves little to be desired in most of the operas; indeed, one wonders that money should be lavished so freely on new operas or revivals the success of which is very doubtful. One wonders at this extravagance all the more since the rigorous attempts that have lately been made to reduce the salaries of the leading singers, not to speak of the coyness in engaging others who demand large emoluments. If the Metropolitan still is, undoubtedly, the best opera company in the world, this is now owing largely to the influence of the war abroad; in other words, to the fact that European opera companies are not what they were two years ago. In the matter of leading singers, the former Metropolitan standard has not been maintained. In "Aida," for example, we now have Didur and Rossi in place of Edouard de Reszke and Plançon; and in some of the other operas individual singers, or even whole casts, are presented that fall far below the Metropolitan standard. It may be going too far to say, as an Italian recently back from Milan remarked, that singers not wanted there

come to New York; for there are exceptions, notably Martinelli and De Luca; but the management certainly needs prodding. The habit of engaging most of the leading singers for part of the season only, furthermore, makes it impossible to provide those all-star casts which made the Metropolitan world-famed in the days of Grau and Conried. The all-star casts attracted the public to the best operas, whereas the one- or two-star casts help along the cheap sensational operas. From the all-star point of view the best casts now presented at the Metropolitan are in the operas of Wagner. The performances of "Rheingold" have been really notable from this standpoint, and it is not a mere accident that it has been found practicable this season for the first time to give that music-drama separately instead of merely as the prelude to the complete Ring of the Nibelung.

The plea that there are no better operas and singers available than those now to be heard at the Metropolitan is not based on facts. The same plea was made a decade ago, when lo! Oscar Hammerstein appeared in the field and demonstrated that there were plenty of good operas not in the Metropolitan Opera House and plenty of good singers not engaged there. The directors of the Metropolitan might do well to read the pages devoted to the Manhattan Opera House in Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera." What New York needs just now is another Oscar Hammerstein. HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

ATTITUDE OF THE MARKETS.

The fact that the stock market has remained entirely calm, when the community at large was growing apprehensive over the recent developments in connection with Germany and Mexico, has attracted much attention. In some respects, its attitude might be compared with that of the Paris Bourse during the critical days of the battle at Verdun. Even French Government bonds, which were quoted at 61 when the German assault began in the third week of February, had risen to 62½ in the early days of March, when the fortunes of the battle were hanging dramatically in the balance; since then, they have reached 63¼. This signified, so explains one of the Paris financial reviews, "the total absence of nervousness over the outcome."

In our own financial situation, so many varying and conflicting influences are at work that Wall Street itself finds it hard to agree on what the movement on the Stock Exchange reflects. Even when, as on numerous occasions in this past week, the market comes almost absolutely to a halt, there will be two opposing inferences. It will be said on the one hand that financial sentiment is mistrustful and apprehensive over the numerous fresh turns in the news, and therefore dares not stir. But to

that it will be answered that the market's refusal to fall into any disorder is the surest proof that the news does not alarm it.

Undoubtedly, the prolonged and general decline in prices, during the first two months of 1916, was in the nature of anticipative preparation—an expression of the Stock Exchange's feeling that good news had continued pretty long without interruption; that the situation, whether in Europe or on our Southern border, was surrounded with possibilities of disquieting developments, and that the process of "discounting" a cheerful political and economic outlook ought in common prudence to be checked. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, when news from those two lawless quarters, Mexico and the German Admiralty, was actually such as to open alarming possibilities, the stock market received the news with the utmost calmness.

In a general way, it would probably be stating the financial point of view correctly if one should say that Wall Street does not look for a long and irritating episode in Mexico, or for a break with Germany, or for an ultimate German victory at Verdun, or for an early and sudden end to the European war. Its judgment may turn out to have been wrong in any or all of these particulars. Yet the opinion of the larger financial community, as expressed in the movement of the Stock Exchange, is in the long run apt to be well-grounded. Therefore the absence of anything like acute alarm, during the incidents of the two or three past weeks, is itself a legitimate matter of reassurance. It is not less so in that the one quarter of the market where uncertainty, confusion of mind, and division of opinion have lately appeared, has been in the "war munitions shares."

The less these companies, and the wholly abnormal and temporary business from which their great profits have been earned, are accepted as the country's real economic reliance, its mainstay of prosperity, the better for the future. The truth is, that some far more important underlying influences on the American situation have been ignored and overlooked because of these spectacular achievements. Thirty per cent. "interim dividends" and record-breaking "munitions exports" have diverted attention from such far more permanent facts as the immense increase in our trade with neutral states, the strong and sound position of our banks and our currency, the enormous wealth accumulated by our great crops of 1914 and 1915, the great prosperity of railways which have little or nothing to do with carrying war materials.

Last Saturday, for example, the Government's report on the country's foreign trade in February was published. Our exports in the preceding month had decreased \$23,800,000 from December; therefore, some doubt had arisen as to whether last year's volume of total monthly export trade could be maintained. But February's \$409,800,000 exports not only more than made good the January setback, but surpassed by \$50,000,-

000 the highest figure ever reached in any previous month. Although imports also broke the monthly record, February's \$215,900,000 "export excess" was itself unprecedented.

That this was far from being exclusively a matter of war munitions, the detailed figures for other months have clearly indicated. In January, for example, our exports to the three belligerents, England, France, and Russia, increased \$43,500,000 over the same month in 1915, when the large export of war material had not yet begun. Taking Europe as a whole, the increase was \$17,600,000. But our exports to other North American countries increased \$28,700,000, to South America \$6,800,000, and even to Asia \$8,500,000. In other words, the aggregate increase in our January shipments to other continents than Europe was actually greater than in those to the three European belligerents, and was more than twice the increase in exports to Europe as a whole.

Before the war is over, Wall Street and the people at large will probably have reached the conclusion that, if manufacture of powder and shell for belligerent Europe had been the real mainstay of American prosperity, the country would already have been showing signs of economic reaction. But it ought also by that time to have discovered that a forward movement of American prosperity was fairly due last year under any political conditions, and that the war merely stimulated the process of recovery temporarily in some directions, just as it checked it temporarily in others.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

- Bower, B. M. *The Phantom Herd*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.30 net.
Chase, M. E. *The Girl from the Big Horn Country*. Boston: Page. \$1.25 net.
Duryea, N. L. *A Sentimental Dragon*. Doran. \$1.25 net.
Marvin, E. *Mary Allen*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.25 net.
Moffett, C. *The Conquest of America*. Doran.
Myron, P. *Miss American Dollars*. Milwaukee, Wis.: Mid-Nation Publishers.
Oppenheim, E. P. *An Amiable Charlatan*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.30 net.
Porter, E. H. *Six Star Ranch*. Boston: Page. \$1.25 net.
Putnam, N. W. *Adam's Garden*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
Wilkinson, L. U. *The Buffoon*. A. A. Knopf. \$1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Barker, G. *Souls on Fifth*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1 net.
Bourne, R. S. *The Gary Schools*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.15 net.
Crane, F. *Adventures in Common Sense*. Lane. \$1 net.
Doroshevitch, V. *The Way of the Cross*. Introduction by S. Graham. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
Hopkins, R. T. *Rudyard Kipling*. Stokes. \$3.50 net.
Hurlburt, R. F. *Six Fools*. Methodist Book Concern. \$1 net.
Mason, J. A. *The Mutsun Dialect of Costanoan*. Based on the Vocabulary of De la Cuesta, Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press.
The Chief British Poets of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. Edited by W. A. Neilson and K. G. T. Webster. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Brookshire, E. V. *The Law of Human Life*. Putnam. \$2.50 net.
Jung, C. G. *Psychology of the Unconscious*. Moffat, Yard. \$4 net.
Stevenson, R. T. *Missions versus Militarism*. Abingdon Press. 50 cents.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Andrews, L. C. *Fundamentals of Military Service*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.50 net.
Gould, B. A. *The Greater Tragedy, and Other Things*. Putnam. \$1 net.
Porter, R. P. *Japan, the New World Power*. London: Oxford University Press.
Protheroe, E. *A Noble Woman: Life Story of Edith Cavell*. Abingdon Press. 40 cents net.
Robinson, W. J. *My Fourteen Months at the Front*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1 net.

TRAVEL.

- Bell, A. *The Spell of Egypt*. Boston: Page Co. \$2.50 net.

POETRY.

- Evans, D. *Two Deaths in The Bronx*. Philadelphia: N. L. Brown. \$1 net.
Georgian Poetry, 1913-1915. Putnam. \$1.50 net.
High Tide. Edited by Mrs. W. Richards. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
Ketchum, A. *Profiles*. Boston: Badger. \$1 net.
Masters, E. L. *Songs and Satires*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
"Mother," in Verse and Prose. Compiled by S. T. Rice and R. H. Chauffier. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.50 net.

SCIENCE.

- Hersey, F. S. *A List of the Birds Observed in Alaska and Northeastern Siberia during the Summer of 1914*. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Wade, F. B. *Diamonds*. Putnam. \$1.25 net.

ART.

- Pennell, E. R. *Nights*. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

TEXTBOOKS.

- Bacon, F. *New Atlantis*. Edited by A. B. Gough. London: Oxford University Press.
Baty, T. *Vicarious Liability*. London: Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. net.
Book of Verse for Boys and Girls. Part I. London: Oxford University Press.
Curzon, R. *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*. London: Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
Dale, F. R. *Reges Consulesque Romani*. London: Oxford University Press.
Davis, J. W., and Hughes, T. H. *A Brief Physical Geography. A Brief Commercial Geography. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge*.
Dearmer, P., and Tananevich, V. A. *A First Russian Reader*. London: Oxford University Press.
Essays on Addison. Edited by G. E. Hadow. London: Oxford University Press.
Forbes, N. *First Russian Book*. London: Oxford University Press.
Griffin, J. T., and Moraff, F. *English by Practice. Books I—IV*. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge.
Intercollegiate Debates. Vol. V. Edited by Egbert R. Nicholas. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge.
Kirkpatrick, E. A. *Fundamentals of Sociology*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
Marlowe's Doctor Faustus. Edited by A. W. Ward. London: Oxford University Press.
Miller, W. L. *Practical English Composition. Books II and III*. Houghton Mifflin.
Niver, H. B. *Elementary Geography*. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge.
Rattray, R. S. *Ashanti Proverbs*. London: Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d. net.
Reade, W. H. V. *Dante de Monarchia*. Edited by E. Moore. London: Oxford University Press.
Robertson, G. S. *The Law of Copyright*. London: Oxford University Press. 5s. net.
Seeley, L. *Teaching: Its Aims and Methods*. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge.
Smith, A. *Dreamthorp*. Edited by H. Walker. London: Oxford University Press.
Souter, A. *A Pocket Lexicon to the Greek New Testament*. London: Oxford University Press.
Strachey, R. and O. Kiegwin's *Rebellion*. London: Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.